THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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THE MAY DAY NUMBER

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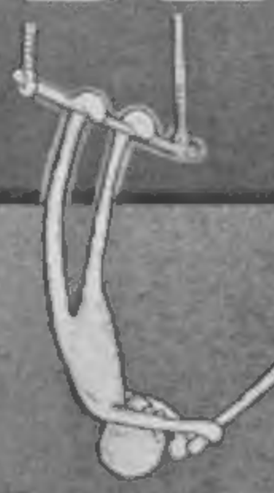

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Come beat my acting if you can."
"Indeed we will," was their shrill cry"
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The Fair-Play Department

By William Allen White

WHAT THE NEW DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND LABOR IS DESIGNED TO DO, WHAT POWERS IT IS GRANTED AND WHAT MEN WILL HAVE IT IN CHARGE

IN EVERY American town of over a quarter of a million people stands a big, gaudy hotel. It is generally decorated in a somewhat rococo style; and electricity and gilded stucco have bedizened its restaurant until the room recalls the old phrase, "a gilded palace of sin." The bill of fare of this restaurant advertises nothing less than half a dollar, and no dish of any consequence costs less than a dollar. From a dollar a portion the sands rise in price to five dollars. An abstemious person may satisfy a rape-seed-cuttle-bone-pepper-grass appetite for a dollar and a half or two dollars, but a hungry man with a moderate thirst should bid farewell to the business half of five dollars. And yet there was a time in the memory of men now living, and of military age, when the standard price for a meal all over this broad land was twenty-five cents, when a fifty-cent meal was regarded as rather roguishly extravagant, and when a dollar table d'hôte dinner symbolized all that was prodigally lavish, if not criminally luxurious, in American life. But in these daubed and dazzling restaurants aforesaid scores of young men and women sit night after night, and gorge and guzzle and gibber, and occasionally a fat, wet-eyed, short-breathed old fellow or his widowed sister sits long after respectable bedtime stirring the dregs of youth in an empty, cheerless cup. The average woman in the place wears something over two hundred dollars' worth of clothes, and carries perhaps a thousand dollars' worth of jewels, and the waiters' check which the average man pays after the night's groceries debauch is so indecently high that it is hardly proper to speak of it in mixed company! Night after night, month after month and year after year this has been going on, the standard of extravagance gradually rising. In the larger American cities there are not merely one or two or a score, but miles and scores of miles, all told, of residences that rent for ten thousand dollars a year each. Except in the country, the family that does not spend twenty-five thousand dollars a year may count itself among the worthy poor.

Now we are in the seven fat years and we do not notice these things. No one is hungry, no one is miserable, and no one keeps books on the ladies and gentlemen who are going the pace. Their gait is commonly reckoned as no one's business but their own, which reckoning is wrong. For we are all in the same boat; and if every one aboard doesn't pull his weight, or give value received, he is cheating his passage. The thing we call society—that is, the compact to live equitably and at peace in this world—only collects its bills on an empty stomach. And at such times it is irritable and often takes more than those who have should pay—witness the French Revolution. But society *does* collect its bills, keep its accounts, and run the social compact fairly. And in America there is a race sense of the amenities which revolts at a nasty, mussy revolution, and demands laws and decrees of the courts. And a curious thing about the American demand for reformatory laws is this: that when the demand is least clamorous the laws are likely to be most searching and severe and effective. Ten years ago, or so, there was a yowl of protest against the rich growing richer and the poor poorer; there was a popular craze lapsing into hysteria about the encroachment of wealth. Nothing came of it all. But, after the noise of the claque ceased, the real public sentiment became manifest, and at the last half of the latest session of Congress a law was made which, when it becomes active, will go into the hitherto sacredly inviolable field of business and put it under Government espionage and control as closely as the coining of money and the carrying of mail are under it to-day. The law referred to is the law creating the Department of Commerce. It will be the bookkeeper of society. Eventually, through this department, the Government of the United States will say whether those who are going the pace, who are raising the standard of extravagance, who are rocking the economic boat, are, in truth, earning their passage; whether they are giving society value received. If they are not they will have to fish or cut bait. This does not mean that the Government of the United States, through its Department of Commerce, is going to be a leveler; this does not mean that the Government will tear down any structure—however high—from a sound foundation—and there are thousands of such; the purpose of this new law, which few people understand, not even many of those who made it, nor those who are appointed to execute it, seems to be, as nearly as all hands can define it, to establish an umpire over commerce and to prevent cheating in the game. No one objects to a man or a corporation making any sum, however vast, if it is made honestly. No one cares how much a man spends or his wife spends or his imbecile children spend if the money came into the man's hands in return for some actual service to society.

The Umpire of the Business Game

THE fool and his money are soon parted. But what society does not like is to see the fool parting with some one's money besides his own, which he has obtained by selling the thing he did not have. It is not the fool that makes men angry by his folly: it is the fool who is a thief, pretending to be an honest gentleman. The Department of Commerce, by pricking the bubble of business shams, through merciless publicity, will put the person who misappropriates and misapplies money, whether of stockholders or depositors or creditors of any sort, upon exactly the social and moral plane with the man who hypothecates a horse. So, therefore, if the persons who fill the restaurants and corridors of these vulgar hotels come by their money honestly, the law which established this Department of Commerce will protect them while they eat themselves into early graves; but if they got their money by smooth deals or shrewd transactions the law will beckon them outside.

Now all this may not be accomplished this year, nor next, nor the year after, for this business, existing to-day, has been a thousand years growing. It may not be uprooted with a simple twist of the wrist, even if uprooting is necessary to correct its crookedness. It will take many years of hard work, and honest work, and brave work by the Government to straighten the kinks, but the important thing has been accomplished when Congress by law declares that it shall be done. It will be interesting to look at the law which Congress passed with this straightening intention. Technically the law is known as "An act to establish the Department of Commerce and Labor." The first section of the act provides for the salary of the Secretary of the Department and makes him a Cabinet officer. The second section prescribes the help he shall have and what certain of his helpers and assistants shall do. The third section of the act might be called the assembling section, for it calls from the other Departments of the Government a number of bureaus and commissions and makes them a part of the Department of Commerce and Labor. These assembled parts are as follows: The Lighthouse Board, the Lighthouse Establishment, the Steamboat Inspection Service, the Bureau of Navigation, the United States Shipping Commissioners, the National Bureau of Standards, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Commissioner-General of Immigration, the immigration service at large, and the Bureau of Statistics, the Census Office and all that pertains to it, the Department of Labor, the Fish Commission and the Office of Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. The Bureau of Foreign Commerce, now in the Department of State, is made a part of the Bureau of Statistics, hereinbefore transferred from the Department of the Treasury. Jurisdiction over the Alaskan fisheries is transferred to the new department, as also is jurisdiction over matters pertaining to exclusion of the Chinese. The fifth section of the act creating the new Department seems to establish a bureau of industrial promotion. The terms of the act are not exactly lucid, and custom and tradition will settle the meaning of the law; probably the lawmakers expected this bureau to do for manufacturers what the Department of Agriculture has done for the farmers, stock raisers and fruit growers: to provide new markets for stuff produced, to guarantee the quality of the product, to introduce possible new products, and to show the American manufacturing world such opportunities and openings as the consular agents of the Government may see all over the globe. So far there is nothing in the act to disturb the peaceful sleep of the financial octopus—but section six contains the stinger. This section provides for the creation of a Bureau of Corporations, and for the appointment of a Commissioner of Corporations and his assistants, and then in the next clause grapples into Government control more affairs than have come under Government control in one act in a hundred years. Here is the exact language of the statute:

> The said Commissioner shall have power and authority to make, under the direction and control of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, diligent investigation into the organization, conduct and management of the business of any corporation, joint stock company or corporate combination engaged in commerce among the several States and with foreign nations excepting common carriers subject to "An act

to regulate commerce," approved February fourth, eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, and to gather such information and data as will enable the President of the United States to make recommendations to Congress for legislation for the regulation of such commerce, and to report such data to the President from time to time as he shall require, and the information so obtained, or as much thereof as the President may direct, shall be made public.

The power of the Commissioner of Corporations is made exactly the same as that of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and his power to "collect, publish and supply" information is made to apply specifically to insurance companies. Of these judicial powers, which concern the taking of testimony and the enforcement of mandates, it will be well to speak later, but before passing to that part of the subject this clause of the section must be considered: "And the information so obtained, or so much of it as the President may direct, shall be made public." This is the meat and meaning of the whole act. Publicity is to be the cure for fraudulent transactions in business. The law is going to recognize corporate cunning, which evades the written statute and frankly breaks the moral law. Ever since statutes were written they have assumed that a buyer who bought in ignorance had no restitution for his folly; it was his place to see that he was not swindled. The Government now changes this assumption. The widespread abuse of the sellers' privilege that has come about in the organization of corporations during the fifty years last past, the creation of fictitious values, the deception of stock manipulators, and the chicanery of stock-brigands, who wander up and down the markets marauding honest enterprises and looting as they go—all these things the Government has taken legal cognizance of, and therefore has said in effect that the casual investor must be protected in his investments. The protection the Government will afford is publicity. Take an investor in the Steel Corporation bonds. It is impossible for an average man, or an average dealer in stocks and bonds to know much about the actual conditions of some of the great corporations. Probably the very men who are floating them know little really about them in a real sense—that is to say, know their actual economic value as a trained economist should know it. This real knowledge should be the only basis for investment, and as the officers of the trust will not, because they cannot, probably, furnish this information to prospective investors, the Government believes it has a duty in the matter.

The Growing Power of Commissioners

WHEN the Government gets through examining a corporation, and when the true facts about it are known, the real earning value of a corporation's stock will be known, and it will be impossible to make fortunes dishonestly by manipulating that corporation's stock, and the ladies and gentlemen, sitting in the restaurant eating the proceeds of any stock that the Government has investigated and has found sound, will be eating bread honestly made. Society, which for the last fifty years has been taking charity out of private hands, and establishing great city hospitals and state asylums, and county eleemosynary institutions, seems about to reach into the realm of business and hold out a protecting hand to those who are the prey of corporate vultures. As human kindness becomes more and more universal it becomes a public sentiment, and that sentiment becomes a benevolent law. The publicity clause in the law creating the Department of Labor and Commerce is more than a reenactment of the Mosaic prohibition against stealing; it is a legal expression of the golden rule. For publicity is only a warning signboard, put up by the strong for the protection of the weak; it is merely doing unto others as you would have them do to you.

Another interesting phase of this new Department is found in the powers and privileges of the Commissioner of Corporations. It is important to note that he is called a Commissioner, for in the century last past commissioners have flourished, in America at least, because law does not presume intelligence in courts, and experience has proved that legislatures have precious little. Hence, commissioners—tax commissioners, insurance commissioners, canal commissioners, railroad commissioners, men who have special information that legislatures can't comprehend and that courts don't acquire; and the commissioners have legislative, executive and judicial powers. They can and do make rulings every day that are virtually legal enactments, and they are often courts of final appeal in interpreting their rulings, and have executive power to fine and imprison those citizens who disobey these mandates. And all this because the commission is supposed to have special intelligence and technical knowledge. There is no other possible reason for endowing it with such power.

So Congress made a Commissioner of Corporations and put him in control of every department of corporate business except the railroads. He can compel the humblest corporate brickyard to disclose its intimate affairs as readily as he can make the officers of the Standard Oil Corporation divulge their secrets. The Commissioner of Corporations can compel the concern which is afflicted with a labor strike to publish its condition, and show the public whether or not the profits of the concern warrant the demands of the strikers. He cannot compel arbitration, but he can give the public the real facts, and no strike can go on when the facts and equities of the case are known absolutely beyond a question. Public sentiment is a compulsory arbitration board from which there is no appeal, and when public sentiment is reliably informed it is a tremendous engine. No labor union and no industrial corporation can stand up against it. No other act created during this generation is so powerful to promote industrial peace as this act, creating the Department of Commerce, will be if it is wisely enforced.

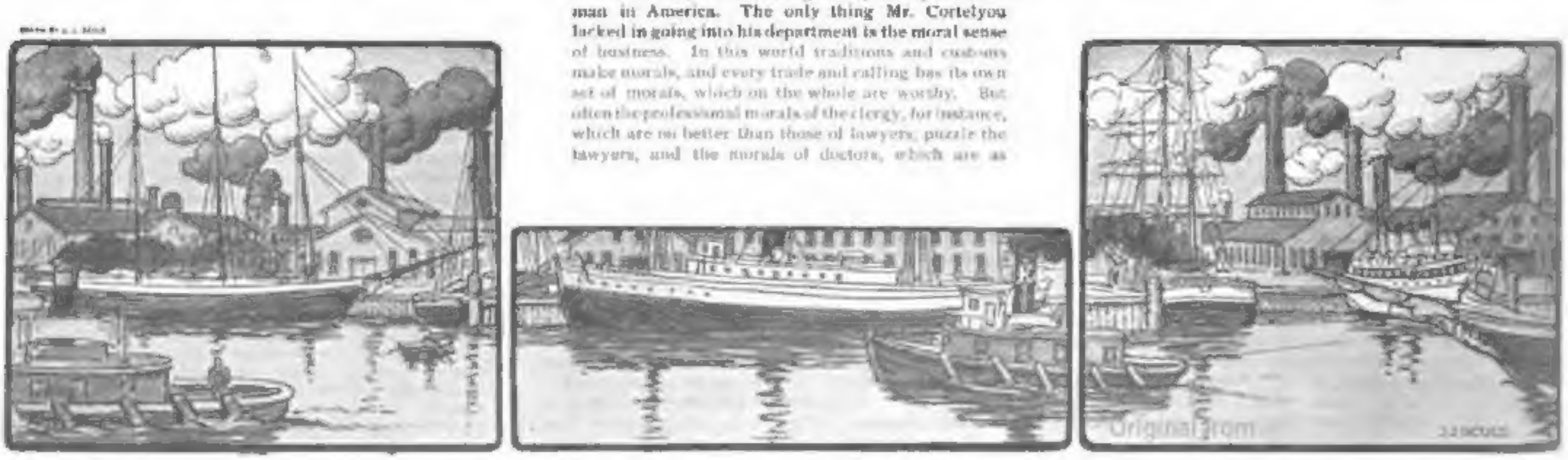
And that brings us down to the men who will enforce this law. A law is only as efficient as the men who are empowered to enforce it, and no more so. Better a good man and a poor law than a poor man and a good law. The members of the Legion family who are in politics and dislike Theodore Roosevelt the man, and can find no comfort in him as President, were unspeakably offended at the appointment of George B. Cortelyou as Secretary of Commerce and Labor. These gentlemen said that the place called for a tried and experienced business man, and not a mere clerk! Others who admire the President and are of the type that goes through life looking for things to gasp at, were awe-stricken that a man who began life so humbly—as a stenographer, forsooth!—should become a member of the Cabinet. Which is more or less funny, since every member of the Cabinet, with one exception, had even a humbler beginning than that of stenographer.

The Real Marvel of Cortelyou's Rise

THE real marvel of Mr. Cortelyou's rise is not that he rose from stenographer to member of the Cabinet; a thousand men in this country have traveled farther in life than that; the wonder is that he rose step by step in Government work, with one promotion following another, until the appointment to a Cabinet portfolio was practically a civil-service promotion. There is no denying the fact that Mr. Cortelyou does not bring to the work before him a training as a business man; but, on the other hand, the mysteries of business training are hardly Sibylline; there is nothing so sacred and holy about a business training, except that it teaches industry, and if a man is reasonably honest it teaches him that honesty pays. As Secretary to three Presidents and as confidential friend of two, Mr. Cortelyou has been in the engine-room of some weighty matters; matters infinitely more weighty, for instance, than any deal or job or pool or combination that has been made on Wall Street for a generation. To rise as Mr. Cortelyou has risen he has had to work—twelve hours a day has been his average for many years—and his place was one where he took his business to bed with him and snuggled up to it as closely before falling asleep as any business man in America. The only thing Mr. Cortelyou lacked in going into his department is the moral sense of business. In this world traditions and customs make morals, and every trade and calling has its own set of morals, which on the whole are worthy. But often the professional morals of the clergy, for instance, which are no better than those of lawyers, puzzle the lawyers, and the morals of doctors, which are as good as the morals of preachers, puzzle the preachers, and the morals of politicians, which are as wholesome as those of lawyers or doctors, puzzle those in other callings, so that each profession is inclined to question the probity of the others; and the morals of the business world, which in these latter days of stock jobbing and complicated transactions have become a little biased and askew, have come to need some small revision. It is for this that the Department of Commerce and Labor was established, and it is because he is not infected with the moral impurities of a certain branch of business that Mr. Cortelyou is a particularly strong man for the place. He is a strong, practical man endowed with the world's every-day moral sense; but he has not the moral sense of "high finance," which sanctions a pool and regards the man in a pool, who unloads his stock on his confrères, as shrewd instead of dastardly. And with this moral sense Mr. Cortelyou has trained courage. He has been a buffer for a President for nearly ten years, and has learned to say no with remarkable ease, and to limit himself to a dozen yeses a day—which is enough for a Cabinet officer. Also—and this is important—Mr. Cortelyou is not a practical politician. A practical politician has no place in a Cabinet. McKinley knew this better than most Presidents. He had been down the line in politics, and he knew that if he wished to keep incompetent men and rascals out of office he must separate the promissory power of the campaign from the appointive power of the Administration. So he studiously offended the political bosses in his party by going into the bossed State and picking out the boss' dearest enemy and elevating him to the Cabinet. Thus he did with Root in New York and Smith of Pennsylvania, and by choosing unknown men from various States where the Senators were powerful. President Roosevelt seemed to recognize this axiom of administration in appointing Mr. Cortelyou. To have chosen a man even remotely connected by political obligation with the men who raise campaign funds or the men who have friends to "take care of," would have been suicidal to the new department.

Mr. Cortelyou's two chief assistants are James R. Garfield, Commissioner of Corporations, and George F. Clark, Assistant Secretary of the Department. Each of these men has special fitness for his work. Young Mr. Garfield has added to the training of a liberally educated and successful lawyer the invaluable experience of a short excursion into practical politics, and more than all has done good, though brief, service in the Civil Service Commission, a place that might well be called the Government rogues' gallery, for there sooner or later all the crooks of the service come to be catalogued and cleaned. Mr. Clark is a sociologist of another type; he has come down from the firm ground of practical life to this field in the theoretical. He has been a railroad conductor, which means that he has poked around in the switch-shanty enough not to believe all he hears; and later he managed a labor union and was promoted from that job to a place on the coal strike commission, and from there called to serve in the Department of Commerce and Labor.

Thus the reader will see that the triumvirate that will have most to do with interpreting the law creating the Department of Commerce and Labor, and enforcing it, is made up of good average American citizens, from the middle way and walk of life. Their view of the law is likely to be the conservative view that the American always takes of his duty, when it is upon his own shoulders, and one cannot escape from the conclusion that the enforcement of the law is sure to make the most radical change in the attitude of this American Government to life. It virtually makes a new criminal code for new business conditions, making the corporation amenable and subject to punishment, as the individual has been since law was first written. The fact that the law was so quietly established, not to satisfy an angry people but to satisfy the ends of simple justice, will make it more thoroughly respected than otherwise, and hence easy to enforce. The earnestness of the present Administration to enforce such a law, and to correct those social and economic abuses that our civilization has fostered for a generation, may not be questioned.



The Babes in the Wood

By Arthur E. McFarlane

HOW THE CAMPERS-OUT AT THE TARPEIAN ROCK MAINTAINED THE DIGNITY OF MAN

JUST what happened that summer—though the four never ceased to protest with a shifty-eyed and flushing dignity that nothing whatever *had* happened—their feminine kin would give very much to find out. For when, after their three regular weeks in camp, men come home to pay laborious compliments to the cookery, to begin to show the most unwonted concern not to be irregular at meals, and to evince, in spasmodic bursts, the most uncanny appreciation of the ordering of the house in general, there is obviously something behind all that. If it is not absolutely suspicious, in common marital openness it calls for an explanation. What may possibly be the explanation is here to follow.

The party consisted of the "old four"—the Judge and Vanderdecken, Doctor Fergusson and the Colonel. For the second year they had elected to camp by the "Tarpeian Rock." And for a fortnight they had been trolling and whipping the sinuous length of Pickerel Lake, when Percy Johnston paddled the fifteen miles up to them from the clubhouse one morning. "That new crowd from Pittsburg wanted to be shown the Left Branch; could the Tarpeianers possibly spare them Ciprien for two or three days—four at the outside?"

"Spare Cip? Of course they could! Willingly! Delightedly! Enthusiastically! In fact, for several days now they had been thinking of presenting him with a purse to get him to go away!"

Cip—that shining-eyed young *habitant*—grinned appreciatively. But a few minutes later he had taken Percy Johnston aside, and was addressing him with great length and worriment of countenance. It puzzled the Judge, who came upon them unexpectedly; and when at last the guide went off to the supply tent to put his "robe" together he demanded the meaning of it.

Percy chuckled. "Mustn't tell you. It's a four-barreled insult."

"Wha-at?"

"Can't tell you."

"Here, come on!"

"Nope!"

"*Sow!* Open up instanter!"

"Oh, well—if you insist upon it: Ciprien the Wise seems to be of the opinion that if you children are left to do your own work you'll all be bushwhacking one another with your shotguns before the first day is over!"

It tickled the four immensely. And they had the joke all over again by themselves between smudge and campfire that night. "It's a natural idea, too, *very* natural from Cip's point of view," said the Judge. "As he looks at it, it's only having meat and drink of proper quality and quantity, and at stated intervals, that keeps the whole mundane cosmos from reverting to primal chaos again. His honest soul feels the sway and attaches the same importance to the small, concrete, every-day things of the flesh which we attach to the expression of mind and spirit. To clearly differentiate is, I should say, one of the tests and touchstones of civilization."

"It is," said the Doctor. "It is! And frankly"—after a pause—"mustn't we confess that it's a touchstone which could almost be said to exclude women entirely? For, after all, do not our sisters still allow themselves to be given their greatest worries by the meat and drink and the small labors of the house—no less than Cip?"

"I'm afraid that's true," seconded the Colonel. "And we've got to acknowledge in our inmost hearts that a party of them could not dwell side by side as we do here, for a single day, without manifold chafings and internecine war. Yet year after year their husbands and brothers come back from weeks of rubbing together in woods and water with a friendship cemented more indivisibly than ever."

In Vanderdecken, with whom "anti-suffrage" was an only mania, this line of thought inspired even more feeling utterance. "And isn't it this power of men to live together in perfect harmony," he asked with almost religious solemnity—"isn't it this ever-renewed and impregnable respect for one another which perpetually reaffirms their essential superiority as a sex?"

It was full of these reflections—fundamental, basic, profound—that they finally retired to sapient slumber.

After their sunrise dip next morning they agreed to pair off and take the meals two and two, turn about. A toss of the penny gave the preparation of breakfast to Vanderdecken and the Colonel, and another toss made the latter cook.

"Vander" dragged half a dozen octopus-like cedar stumps up the shore to the little sheet-iron stove, and soon had firing enough piled up for a Highland beacon. And the Colonel led forth the battery of the kitchen. "I confess," he said, as he lit his fourth match, "that the primeval chemistry which constitutes cooking has always had a great

—SENT IT FILLIPING FAR DOWN THE SHORE

fascination for me. I imagine that the rites of pot-and-kettle were the actual ceremonials which first began to draw the human race together."

The Colonel's own pot-and-kettle rites were serious, deliberate and protracted in the extreme. His cooking was of the consecutive rather than of the concurrent variety, and the others had been long beating upon their plates for it before finally it came.

And in spite of the time given to that first breakfast it was not wholly a success. The Doctor tasted the oatmeal somewhat as if he were trying a medicine. "Now, I'll tell you just what's the matter with this," he said confidentially; "it needs about twice as much salt and about half as much stirring."

"Ah—ah. Pretty painful dose, eh?"

"Oh, it might be a lot worse. A little poultice, perhaps—but this isn't one of my porridge mornings, anyway."

It did not seem to be a porridge morning for any of them.

The Colonel produced his coffee and bacon. He was a trifle red from the fire. "I'm afraid I didn't settle the coffee enough," he said.

"Very possibly not!" rejoined Vanderdecken jovially; "but you've certainly settled the bacon all right!" He crackled a slice tentatively between his teeth. "It'd just fill the bill as Saratoga chips, though."

"Vander's" sense of humor was in exceptionally good form that morning, and it came out particularly strong on the coffee. He was just reminding the cook that the original belief regarding the berry was that it kept men from ever sleeping again and drove animals crazy, when the Judge hastily broke in on him and began to talk fishing. Apparently the old gentleman had some absurd fear lest the Colonel mightn't be taking it right. And he hurried them off up the lake.

They had good sport that forenoon. What remained of Ciprien's minnows were not in the freshest possible condition. But the pickerel at the Narrows were waiting for them open-mouthed. Enough were taken to last the camp for the next three days. And the four also brought back ravening appetites.

Therefore the sight of the still dirty breakfast dishes gave them grievous pause. "I think for the general good," said the Doctor, "we'd better make it a rule henceforward to wash up immediately after the meal."

Vanderdecken and the Colonel carried the unclean pile of blue and white graniteware down behind the first clump of cedars to the big, flat 'longshore rock which was known as the "scullery." There was no hot water: and oatmeal which has been left long enough to glue and set, and fish fryings hardened to a skillet (as a certain George Hastings once had occasion to learn), are of all ill-favored substances the most detestably irremovable. When the pair returned from the "scullery" they walked in silence; and had they not also worked in silence, one might have thought that something had occurred between them.

But the pot was at least ready for the potatoes. And the Judge, chosen cook by the second toss-up, already had his pickerel split and floury for the pan. Both in the end came from the stove in a highly crumbled condition—"Scrambled Fish with *Pommes de Terre à l'Explosion*," Vanderdecken facetiously christened them. And the Doctor pointed out, as a pure matter of science, what a vast difference a little too much heat can make in a dish.

But both messes were rapidly tucked away, none the less; and afterward all four relaxed in a dessert of tobacco.

"I think I'll go and take my beauty sleep now," said the Judge at length. His ordeal was well over.

The others smoked another pipeful apiece.

"What's the program for this afternoon?" asked the Doctor finally.

"There's still some minnow bait left," said the Colonel, "and the Rapids bass ought to be biting. But *you'll* want to do the dishes first."

"Ye-es—yes, of course. Thank you for reminding me. Well, you two had better go ahead. We can follow you in the other boat."

It was all but six when the Judge at last awoke. In the level radiance of the setting sun the Doctor was sitting solitary on a stump, doing smithy work upon a lockjawed reel.

The old gentleman hurried out to him in a trepidation of humility. "Fergusson," he stammered, "I'm an unpardonable sinner. After sleeping like a log all afternoon, I've just opened my eyes to remember that I left you to wash those confounded dishes alone."

The Doctor flushed a little. "Oh—oh, that's all right. You see—I haven't done them yet."

They were still stooped over them deep in thought when the others pulled wearily in.

It was plain that they had no great string to show for their two hours at the oars and their afternoon of standing up thigh deep against the thrust and violence of the rapids. "Oh, Lord," groaned the Colonel, "I feel as if I'd been taking massage treatment under a log jam."

"And *say*," ejaculated Vanderdecken with pained and sudden recollection, "I guess it's up to us to get dinner, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid it is," said the Judge, "but if you'd like to change about——"

"No," vetoed the Colonel, who was the camp's man of system—"No, we can't start that! Once get our schedule tangled we'll never know where we're at." Moreover, it was "Vander's" turn to cook.

There went into his "primeval chemistry" little of that sprightly humor which had distinguished him during the meals of his fellows. And the dinner itself did not differ vastly from luncheon, except that it was considerably more uneatable. What *was* eaten was absorbed for the most part in a moody, uncommenting silence.

The Doctor alone lacked that final tact which should have kept him from turning the burnt side of his fish uppermost. But the spirit of scientific exposition was still strong in him. "Now, about the *tea*, too——" he said: "I'll tell you where both you and the Judge spoiled it. You put the time on its brewing that you should have put on steeping it. To do it correctly——"

"Oh, hang it, Doc, ring off," said Vanderdecken; "you've raised your full allowance of kicks to-day."

"'*Kicks?*' 'Raised *kicks?*' Why, really, now, my dear Ralph, really! I've passed one or two casual observations of the most general nature, and those only from my own professional knowledge——"

"Vander" sniffed.

"And in point of fact—but please don't imagine that I say it with any animus—it's seemed to me that the amount of amusement you have drawn from the cooking of the others——"

"Well, my *aunt!* If you're going to make penal business out of a few natural, well-intentioned jokes! For my part, I was under the impression that I was jollying matters up a little, and leaving things with a better taste in the mouth."

At this latter remark the Judge and Colonel turned and regarded him. He rose with much dignity and walked off.

"Look here," said the Doctor, appealing to the military member, "you weren't so foolish as to resent anything I said about your breakfast, surely?"

"Oh, no! No, not at all! And anyway, we have our chance to get back at you to-morrow morning."

"Yes—yes, exactly——" And then with a sudden contraction of the nostrils: "In the mean-time you'll want to wash up, won't you?"

Now that was *late*, and particularly so in so much as the Colonel's working partner had already "shunned the toil."

"You must let *me* help you," said the Judge, which should have filled the Doctor with apologizing shame. On the contrary, it seemed promptly to fill him very full of bile. Twice his mouth opened for speech; but finally he bit his lips together and started abruptly down toward the Point.

The two who remained washed the dishes side by side, and the Colonel's words were warm with appreciation beyond Anglo-Saxon usage. "After all," he said, "if a little roughing it brings out the seamy side of some people, it only shows you more plainly the real sort of stuff in others."

But it seemed to the Judge that if the Colonel's feelings were really what he protested them to be, it would have occurred to him that *while he* was talking he was letting his helper scrape out both the pot and the skillet. However, under the circumstances, he would not speak of it.

Camp broke up early that night. Incidentally, there had been no beds made. And Vanderdecken, who alone had thought to carry out his blankets to air in the morning, had unfortunately forgotten to carry them back again at sundown. When he did remember them they were already clammily misted with dew. He was still trying to dry them over the last of Ciprien's smudges long after the other three had gone brutally off to sleep.

II

BUT night brings good counsel and the dawn renewed sweetness of temper.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Colonel as he balanced himself beamingly on the "Tarpeian" for the morning plunge, "I reckon we must have had a visit from the hoodoo last night. If Cip had happened in on us we'd have had to do a lot of explaining; for nothing would have persuaded him that it wasn't having to do his work that was overwhelming us."

"That's right!" said the Doctor, who was in particularly high spirits. "Ha, ha, ha! And I confess that actually for a time I really believed we were going to have a falling out. I was a sinner myself, too, for which I want to ask pardon all round."

It was granted with effusion. And truly it was a mighty satisfaction to begin that second day with a slate wiped clean. As it happened, too, it was now the Doctor's turn to cook.

He was the first to dress. But the others rapidly joined him, and gathering about the "kitchen" followed his operations with that rapt interest which sometimes makes for nervousness. As for the Judge, he had done his part by starting his yoke-fellow with a fire of pine knots which in five minutes had the top of the stove looking like the four of hearts.

It also kept the Doctor doing three-handed legerdemain between the bacon, oatmeal and coffee. And the latter in the end managed to get one move ahead of him and boil over.

"But it's the better for going through that stage once," he explained, a little tight about the mouth. "Theory of wild oats, you know! And I intend further to improve it by adding the milk while it's still simmering."

This called for the opening of a new tin of "condensed," and the can-opener was just then in hiding. "Oh, that doesn't worry me at——" He got back to the stove just in time to catch the oatmeal assuming a lava formation. The trio of snickerings mounted to a hee-haw!

"It's a good joke to see the porridge burn," he said. "Ha, ha! A very good joke! As for that tin, I imagine the ax will open it."

He set the can on a stone, and triumphantly chopped a slit across its top, then turning it half-way round he struck again. One spurt of the lacteal mucilage went up his sleeve, the other into the neck of his sweater, over his Vandyck, and northward, dividingly, upon his face.

The Judge, who had a coarse, bucolic sense of humor at the best, looked once, then slid from his stump and collapsed on himself as if he had been punctured. The other two, however, got themselves to the Doctor's assistance. They mopped at his outlying geography, while he tried with smeary hands to wipe out his eye and mouth. And they attempted between spasms to make him see how funny it was.

His vision was clouded, however.

And just at this juncture, too, his coffee again felt its oats, and with joyous volatility began to swarm out over the side of its pent-house a second time. He caught at the pot to jerk it from the stove. It struck the handle of the bacon spider and tilted it fatally. He jumped to catch *it*, and being still optically on a bias, he put his foot into the saucer of buttery dripping. The dish broke into halves which closed about his shoe.

The Colonel had held out longest. Now, with the sound of a suddenly opened and very much clogged escape-valve, he took to grass beside the supply tent. The Judge, painfully gripping at his side, waved weakly at the Doctor to desist—as at a comedian who knows his power and is exercising it too pitilessly upon an already apoplectic audience.

As for the Doctor, he stood there for a moment, as it were, collecting himself. It might almost have been said that he smiled. Certainly his lips drew up as, turning, he again got sight of that can of "condensed." "Uh!" he grunted with a kind of satisfaction—and with his free foot sent it filliping far down the shore. The bacon pan lay sprawled face downward. It followed, though more soaringly. He swung round at the stove: "By gad, and *you* were in it, too!" And it went over like a turned turtle. Then he put down the coffee-pot with what stray sediment still remained in it, and took his way up the bank and off through the cedars. . . .

AND JUST AT THIS JUNCTURE, TOO, HIS COFFEE AGAIN FELT ITS OATS

He did not return for breakfast, and the others perforce made theirs principally of bread and butter. This brought them to a fitting realization that the Doctor's conduct had been something much more than funny. . . .

They were discussing it from its moral and ethical aspects—with the Judge palliatingly reminding them that the Doctor's after-shame and humiliation would punish him more than anything they could say, when the offender himself came down the shore again.

He gazed at them with challenging bellicosity. "I suppose you imagine that I'm going to wash up for you now?"

"Well—God—bless—me!" gasped the old gentleman, "and do you expect me to do it alone?"

"It's a matter of no concern to me whether you do or not. But in point of fact, you let me do most of it, including the frying-pan, *last* time."

At this the Judge could not speak at all.

"Oh, come now, Doctor," intervened the Colonel, "you must be mistaken about that."

The lancet-wielder stopped this flanking movement with a deadly stab. "Why, if you insist upon coming into it, Vanderdecken says that you do just the same with him."

"*I?* I do that? I let——?"

"*Oh!—O Lord*, now, Doc!" Vanderdecken went tomato-color. "Excuse *me!* I didn't say that. What I said, and that was in confidence and altogether in a joking way, was merely that——"

"Oh, *well! Well! Well!*" The Judge spread his fat hands in soothing desperation. "I'll do them alone this time. So that's settled, now; that's settled!"

"And I'll help you," said the Colonel; "but I must say that all this is simply playing hob with our schedule!"

"Vander" and the Doctor strode off in opposite directions—the former with his double-barrel and the latter with his pickerel rod. But it was plain that their real business was to seek the cooling power of Nature.

The Colonel looked after Vanderdecken rawly. "I can understand the Doctor's showing a little natural temper," he said to the Judge, in embittered confidence; "but to find that a man supposedly your friend has been talking about you behind your back—that's one thing I—— And if I *did* possibly let him do a little more than half his share of the dishes it was only because he'd let me do practically everything else. And, *you* remember, last night, didn't he slope the job *altogether?*"

The Judge puffed gloomily. "Yes; and what I can't get the logic of is, when a man has cooked the poorest possible apology for a meal or queered it completely, if *we* show our willingness to take it as a joke and go without eating till next time, why *he* should act as if he were the aggrieved party? And that applies to both of them, too! Bless my soul, we might as well be so many tea-soured old maids!"

They went into the situation with all possible charity. But nothing could sweeten it. No one would have dreamed that in one day both Vanderdecken and the Doctor would so put on the Mr. Hyde. One can only live and learn.

When the Doctor came back, however, he had evidently tramped at least a little of the venom out of him. He made no apologies; but with a subdued dangerousness of countenance he set up the stove again and proceeded to get luncheon by himself. And Vanderdecken also brought back the chip-on-the-shoulder expression of potential penitence. He, too, asked pardon of no man, but he volunteered to wash up alone. And the Colonel in his turn then showed the proper spirit of forgiveness by throwing off his coat and helping him.

The sight fairly restored his optimism to the Judge. And when the two later announced that they were going to pull down the lake together and have another go at the Rapids bass, his farewell to them had the tone of a benison. As for the Doctor, he reminded them that the camp was out of bread and butter, and asked them to stop off and get some at the "New Settlement" as they came back.

When the pair had left them they could not forbear discussing the matter together. To the old gentleman the craft of the camp at large had at last passed safely through the zone of storms, and henceforward it would sail unclouded seas.

"I tell you what, though," said the Doctor, "a little more and it would have been a case of fisticuffs."

"Oh, no! Oh-h, I can't subscribe to *that*, no, not for a minute! It's possible for the civilized man of middle age to let himself go far, painfully far. But as to coming actually to blows—no, there is something in the innate dignity of man—there's a feeling about that—well, it's the one bulwark we maintain against the barbarous, and—I've taken note of it repeatedly—it's a bulwark almost infinitely hard to break down."

They went off for a couple of hours' trolling, and the Judge got a "cyclone" strike, only to lose both fish and spoon. But for all that he came back to camp with a countenance as tranquilly roseate as the sunset.

III

IT WAS dusk when the Colonel and Vanderdecken returned.

And again—Heaven help Tarpeian Camp!—it was abundantly evident that once more all was not well between them!

"Well, what's up now?" asked the Doctor, resignedly laying down his tackle box.

"Nothing," said Vanderdecken.

"Except that I felt compelled to decline assuming Ciprien's work," added the Colonel.

"I tell you, my dear Harrison, that nobody wanted or expected you to!"

"You seemed to expect me to spend my entire afternoon catching minnows for you! But let's say no more about it, now!"

"I seemed to expect you to keep to your agreement. After spending about an hour grabbing for crabs on the Shoal, I had an idea that you'd hold by your own arrangement and see to providing the *fish* bait."

"Yes, I *would!*—when the bass wouldn't take anything *but* minnows, and you were feeding them out faster than I could net them! That's what I call easy fishing! That's what——"

"That's what *I*——"

"Oh, now, let it go! Let it go!" The Judge shook his head in utter woefulness again. "Just say no more about it, and bring up the bread and butter."

"'Bread and butter'?"

"I suppose you were too busy to remember a mere trifle like that?" suggested the Doctor. He was very hungry, and he had been looking forward to that double staff of life. But he was not given to making complaints, and told them so.

"Oh, well," snarled the Colonel at last, "I suppose you can get dinner for once without it?"

"Why, *we* don't get dinner!"

"You don't? I'd like to know who does, then?"

"Well, as far as I'm concerned, I would simply remind you that I got luncheon."

"Yes, you *did*," came back the man of schedules, "but you got it out of your turn, and now you've succeeded in getting things so completely balled up——"

"Well, by the living Christmas! And when I did that purely with the idea of smoothing matters out all 'round!"

The Judge could listen to no more. "*My! My! My!* 'Tea-soured old maids?' One would think you were a lot of little girls! I can't stand this ding-danging much longer! *I'll* get dinner!"

"And for the matter of that, you might very well, too. You haven't done the first tap all day!"

The old gentleman sat down as if he had been knocked! "Haven't done anything? Haven't done anything? When I've practically been over the stove or washing dishes ever since Ciprien left! I'm the only one in this camp who has done anything! And I'm getting so dratted *sick* of the whole dratted business——!" He began blindly to grope about for his glasses. "You'd think the very fiend was in it."

"Well," said the Colonel, "if you'd chosen to listen to me when I warned you to stick to a definite system——"

"'System? System?' Bah! It's playing slinker when there's work to be done——"

"'Slinker?' Do you call me——"

* * * * * * * * * * *

The asterisks do not stand for speeches of love. And when the four finally censed afflicting one another and went to bed, it was to be themselves afflicted. For since none of them had been willing to prepare more smudge—the last of Ciprien's being now exhausted—mosquitoes in millions came up against them; and they came with swords and spears. Hour after hour did the quartet lie awake and fight them—and in the intervals they fought among themselves. It was all but dawn when at last commiserating slumber descended and bore them to a happier land.

They went out next morning to be forthwith reminded that the dishes were still unwashed.

"Well," said the Colonel amiably, at the end of some five minutes, "we can either start making fools of ourselves again, or we can lay out another schedule, and this time *stick* to it!"

There was no response.

"Oh, *well*, then—I'll get breakfast, and we'll draw lots for who will do the first dishwashing. Will that satisfy you?"

They drew lots—and the Colonel got the dishwashing also!

There is this about a genuine feeling for the funny: it may seem, by most untoward circumstances, to have been completely crushed and obliterated, when, like the blessed camomile, "which the more it is trodden on the faster it grows," it will suddenly burst forth again with a vigor only strengthened and renewed. And now the other three once more gave proof of theirs—hiccoughing, holding to the table and guy ropes and rolling about like buoys!

The Colonel stood with the coffee-pot in his hand and looked at them. And the more he looked at them the more they were affected. But when the Doctor went off for the fourth time, and the Judge had passed into a kind of wheeze, he set down the pot. "All right!" he said; "all right! Since you think wise to take it *that* way, I don't do either!"

And at that *douche* they came to themselves only too quickly. "Oh, heavens and earth!" choked Vanderdecken, "now it's all off again!"

Really, it was too much. In a speechless acrimony they walked up shore to the cedars, and mechanically began to throw off their night togs for the morning dip.

The Judge and "Vander" were down on the beach. The Doctor was on the top of the bank, a dozen yards above them. He looked back toward the approaching Colonel. "Well, great Scott!" he said, "I must say it didn't take much to make him swallow himself."

The other two stared up at him savagely. "Why, it was *your* fool noise that *did* it!" said Vanderdecken.

"It *was!*" affirmed the Judge; "it *was!* Really, I don't see why you need have cackled *quite* so much!"

"Well—my—Lord! Huh! *Huh!!* And simply because I happen to have a little better sense of humor than you have!"

"Oh, throw me down the soap," sputtered the old gentleman, quite beside himself.

The Doctor picked up the cake of soggy castile, threw it without looking, and it struck the Judge squarely on the back of the neck.

There was no intention whatever in it. But to the Judge's limitless discredit let it be written down that without one moment's hesitation he took it as intentional. He stood gasping while he regained his balance; then with the "h-hrumph-ph!" of an elephant gone musth, he began to make ferociously up the bank.

Vanderdecken saw it, and the Colonel, too, almost in the same instant. The Doctor was just in the act of removing an upper garment, and his arms were "held up" helplessly above his head; it was through the bosom-slit of that upper garment that he was suddenly given paralyzing vision of the charging escalader. He attempted to take a step forward. But a small log lay stretched just in front of him, and he pitched headlong over it on *face* and elbows. His posture was that of a devotee in a mosque; but his language was inexpressibly out of keeping.

The Judge had all but rushed him, with Vanderdecken close behind, when the Colonel burst in between them. Panting with indignation he thrust the latter back. "Good Lord—Good Lord—wouldn't it be sufficiently bad without *you* piling on to help?"

"'*Piling on?*' '*Piling on?*' Say! *Say!* I might *pile on* all right, but"—he boiled over with wrath and disgust—"unless you think I've gone batty altogether, I wish you'd just tell me anybody in this camp that I'd want to *help!*"

Between them, however, they averted hostilities for the immediate moment. Yet, though no blow had been struck, the four Tarpeianers had experienced their crowning and final shame. And within the hour Ciprien's canoe pushed into the bay!

It had not that complexion then, but there need be no further proof of the unsleeping watchfulness of a benevolent Providence. Cip was quite blind to their condition—he saw no more than the bird of wisdom does by day; all he did was to cook them a combination breakfast and luncheon which would have drawn the four points of the compass together. Then he netted enough minnows for forty, and sent his charges off to fish. And by next morning one might have said that all was as it had been before! But there were things which no one felt could be alluded to for many months to come.

Yet perforce they were alluded to, and that one afternoon of the following week, when their guardian had gone for bread. The Doctor had rashly remarked upon the "weight of Cip's household worries."

"He's little better than a woman," said Vanderdecken with cruel reminiscence. All alike tried to direct their eyes so that no two of them should meet.

"In all confidence, Van, in all confidence," murmured the Judge, shaking his head with mortified abasement. There was a silence.

It was the Colonel who broke it, and he broke it with a sudden burst of humble confession. "Gentlemen—Heaven pardon the selfishness of it, and keep the women from hearing me—but, after the light of—last week—I've been sending up my fervent thanks morning, noon and night for having been born a man!"

"And *I!* And *I!*" said the Judge. "But indeed I've felt that we owe it as a penance—to say nothing of its possibly being some alleviation of their lot—to own frankly to—Monday and Tuesday last, when we return to our respective helpmeets again."

"No!" said the Doctor hastily. "No! I had entertained some such thought as that, myself. But, believe me, it would not be judicious. It's a case where silence is the best wisdom—it is really!"

"Yes," rejoined "Vander." "I suppose the—the dignity of man—demands it."

And they never spoke of that matter again.

OUR AMERICAN SNOBS

By James L. Ford

THE WOMAN ON THE MAKE

LONG ago Mrs. Taffeta discovered that Mrs. Foxglove was on friendly terms with Mrs. Fenwick Bertram, or "Mrs. Fen," as we term her in the careless intimacy engendered by our society table-talk. How Mrs. Taffeta made this discovery I do not know, for the little Southern widow is too well bred to boast of her swell friends, but it is certain that the fact was known to her, and through her to the rest of us, for many months before the fateful afternoon when a handsome victoria drew up before our door and a liveried footman rang the bell with a sudden peal that set Mrs. Grinders scurrying from her third floor front to the parlor, where, from behind the curtains, she gaped at "Mrs. Fen" and took in with her eye every detail of her dress and equipage. She was still at her post and literally bubbling over with information when I entered the room after having met "Mrs. Fen's" carriage, with its owner and Mrs. Foxglove ensconced on the back seat, rolling swiftly toward Fifth Avenue.

"What do you think of that?" demanded Mrs. Grinders excitedly, as I walked over to the mantelpiece to see if anything had come for me in the early afternoon mail. "Mrs. Bertram's just come and taken your friend Mrs. Foxglove out driving. My, but she did look grand, sitting there behind them two men in livery and with furs on her back that must have cost a thousand dollars if they cost a cent. I felt sorry for Mrs. Foxglove, poor little woman, with her cloth jacket on, sitting up against so much style. I'd have offered to lend her my seal plush sacque only she's a touchy little thing and you never know how she's going to take a kindness. The queerest part of it was that she didn't seem to want to go, because I saw her shake her head at first and look at her watch, as much as to say that she'd got some other engagement—like as not with that tall party that comes to see her Sunday afternoons, for she gave Bridget a letter for somebody that was to call. Anyway, it must have taken Mrs. Bertram five minutes to persuade her to go with her, and then she kept her waiting so long that I could see she was getting fearful cross and impatient sitting out there all alone in her carriage and stared at by everybody on the block. She's a sly little thing, never tells her business to any one. Like as not she's going calling now on some gilt-edged house on Fifth Avenue."

And having thus freed her mind Mrs. Grinders went down into the basement to cross-examine Bridget in regard to the message Mrs. Foxglove had intrusted to her.

While I was still busy with my letters the tall Southerner entered the room and saluted me with the grave courtesy that is characteristic of his kind. He held in his hand a letter that Bridget had just given him and, after having shaken my hand and inquired about my health, he seated himself by the window, adjusted his eyeglasses and, with a word of apology, opened and read the letter that Mrs. Foxglove had left for him, while I turned again to my own correspondence.

"I wish you a very good-afternoon, sir," he said as he rose from his chair, and there was a change in his voice that I noticed at once. Something had evidently vexed him, for he walked up the street with an angry stride and with Mrs. Foxglove's note doubled up in his clenched fist.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of Mr. Ford's papers. The next will appear in an early number.

A MOIST AND DISCONSOLATE FIGURE

Late in the afternoon a brisk spring shower came up, and while I was lounging at the parlor window waiting for it to clear off I was amazed to see Mrs. Foxglove come running down the street, without an umbrella and with her skirts clutched in both hands. I opened the hall door for her and she came in breathless and dripping with rain. To my untutored eyes her new bonnet seemed a complete ruin and her delicate silk petticoat bedraggled beyond all hope of restoration. Knowing something of her poverty, a feeling of profound pity filled my soul. "That gentleman was here, ma'am, just after you went out," said Bridget, putting her head in at the door. "I give *him* your letter, ma'am, as you asked me."

"And did he leave an answer with you?" she inquired eagerly.

"No, ma'am, not with me."

As Bridget retired Mrs. Foxglove went to the mantelpiece and looked through the pile of letters.

"*If you were speaking of Mr. Buchanan*, I'm quite sure that he did not leave any letter," I remarked.

"You saw him then?" she said, and then added, "perhaps he left it with one of the other servants?"

"No," I answered, "he came in here with a letter in his hand and went away the moment he read it. In fact, he went out in something of a hurry and stalked up the street at a rather swifter gait than I ever saw him strike before. But how did you come to be out in all this storm? Why, you're wet through! You should go and change your things."

I said this with an air of great solicitude, as if I were deeply concerned for Mrs. Foxglove's health, but the truth of the matter was that her lip was trembling, her blue eyes were swimming, and I was afraid she would break down altogether and I should have a crying woman on my hands. It was too late, though. I turned a discreet back but I could hear her half-stifled sobs, and when I looked again she was sitting in the window-seat, her face buried in her hand, a moist and disconsolate figure that moved even my heart to compassion. My first thought was to escape noiselessly, but I paused with my hand actually on the doorknob and came back, for I was afraid that some of the household vultures would find her crying her heart out by herself and worm from her the story of her grief—a delicate office which I felt competent to assume myself.

"My dear Mrs. Foxglove," I said confusedly, "I hope nothing serious has happened. Very likely Mr. Buchanan will write you this evening. Of course he couldn't answer your letter here because there was nothing to write with. Aren't you afraid your bonnet will be ruined if you don't take it off and smooth it out with a hot iron or hang it up to dry or something? Your dress is soaking, too."

"I don't care," wailed the poor little woman; "very likely it is ruined, but I've found out one thing and that is that all you men are just alike."

"It is a fortunate thing," I remarked, "that you have made this extraordinary discovery in regard to my sex while you are still young enough to put it to some practical use. I should think, however, that your whole soul would be illumined by the joy of this knowledge, which will greatly simplify any dealings that you may have with any of us in the future. For my own part I am glad that no two women on the earth's surface resemble one another in the slightest degree, for if they were all alike this would be a dull world indeed. But I thought you went out driving to-day; how is it that you return on foot?"

"I did go out driving," she said wiping her eyes, for by this time her storm of grief had spent itself. "A friend of mine was kind enough to come here and invite me out for a little airing, and I thought that as she'd taken all that trouble it would be very rude of me not to go, even if I did expect callers. Yes, I suppose my hat is ruined, but that isn't the only thing that's been spoiled to-day."

She began to sniff again but I diverted her attention by saying suddenly: "You haven't told me how you came to be out on foot in all that rain?"

"Well," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "the fact is that after we got through our drive Mrs. Bertram suddenly remembered that she had an engagement on Fifth Avenue, away uptown, and she asked me if I'd mind going home by myself. Of course she said that if I didn't care to she'd be glad to drive me back and try to make her call some other day, but I wouldn't hear of such a thing, especially after she'd been so kind as to come here and take me out, so I insisted upon going home alone. I'd forgotten to bring my purse and of course I didn't have any umbrella, and before I could get here it began to rain, and that's how I got my hat ruined and my skirts wet."

"And that's the reason you've been crying your eyes out."

"No, I wasn't crying about that," she said hastily. "In fact, I wasn't crying about any one thing in particular, but everything's gone wrong with me this afternoon and that was the last straw. Didn't he say anything when he read my letter? Or did he just get up and walk out of the room?"

"If you'll permit me," I said gravely, "I will show you exactly what he did," and I forthwith enacted the entire scene of Mr. Buchanan's entrance, his salutation to me, his reading of the letter and his dignified exit. I even offered to put on my hat and coat and stride away up the street after the manner of the tall Southerner, but Mrs. Foxglove declared that my portraiture was already a convincing one and had revealed to her more than could be told in words.

"And now may I ask you another question?" I continued, for I had determined to "improve the occasion," as the evangelists say, with a brief homily on certain phases of human weakness and vanity. "Will you tell me where you went for your airing?"

"Oh, we had a nice drive up Fifth Avenue," she began weakly, "and then Mrs. Bertram remembered that she had an errand to do, so we stopped at the dressmaker's, and when we got there her dress was ready to try on, and that kept us quite a while. She likes to have me help her with her dresses and she's awfully nice about it, too, and tells everybody that I've got so much taste. Well, it was quite late when we got through, and then just as we were coming out she remembered that she had to go uptown, and so I said good-by and started to walk home, for I'd left my purse behind and I was ashamed

FROM BEHIND THE CURTAINS SHE GAPED AT "MRS. FEN"

to ask her for a nickel for fear she'd despise me. I had to come just twenty-two blocks, a little more than a mile, and the shower came up and caught me before I knew it."

"So this drive was only a little more than a mile and you had to walk back?"

"We didn't go very far to-day because Mrs. Bertram was afraid we'd get caught in the rain and——"

"Yes, she was so afraid of the rain that she let you walk home. May I ask what scheme of entertainment she devised for you at the dressmaker's?"

"It wasn't any entertainment at all. She had her dress tried on and I went into the fitting-room just to see if the back of the waist was all right. It was lucky I did, for I found that that wretched Madame Cavanaugh was putting lace that wasn't worth more than five cents a yard on a dress she was charging her one hundred and seventy-five dollars for, and the plaits in the back of the waist were all in crooked. I told Mrs. Bertram about it and she made her do the whole thing over again, and I promised to go with her the next time she goes to have it tried on. But didn't that Madame Cavanaugh look daggers at me, though! *You* may not think me very bright, but when it comes to gowns and bonnets it's pretty hard to fool me."

"I hope Mr. Buchanan knows how advantageously you were employed this afternoon; it might compensate him for the annoyance that he evidently felt when he found you were not here. He is a very old friend of yours, is he not?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Foxglove wistfully; "that is to say, he was. I suppose he's awfully mad, but I can't help it. Oh, you men are all alike; you can't understand a mother's feelings or make any allowance for the sacrifices we have to make for our children. Here's Loudon Buchanan who's known me since long before I was married, and yet he goes off mad just because I was obliged to break an appointment with him and go out driving with Mrs. Bertram instead of going to a matinée with him. Well, if he's willing to break a friendship that's lasted for years just because I had to do my duty to my daughter I sha'n't complain, but at any rate it's taught me something about men that I didn't know before, and you're all alike—every one of you."

How long Mrs. Foxglove would have continued this superb demonstration of the feminine capacity for a logical and consistent arraignment, backed by a mass of unanswerable evidence against the sex which can be termed strong only because the other is believed to be weak, I do not pretend to say. I know that I saw signs of another storm gathering in the tear belt and I interrupted her with a stern request for silence and attention.

"My dear Mrs. Foxglove," I said, "do you realize what you have done this afternoon? Do you comprehend the extent of the misfortune toward which your ridiculous folly, your absurd worship of the brazen calf is inevitably leading you? Above all, do you know what Mrs. Bertram is?"

"No," said Mrs. Foxglove, a little frightened at my intensity. "I'm sure she's a perfectly good woman. Why, she's received everywhere——"

"Which is, of course, a convincing proof of her goodness," I interposed, and then added solemnly and with uplifted finger, "but Mrs. Bertram is something more than a good woman—she is On the Make. Do you mean to tell me that you haven't found that out yet?"

"I haven't noticed it—that is to say, I don't know what you mean."

"I'll tell you what I mean. She comes here with her carriage, under pretense of taking you out to drive, to cheat a poor, little, simple, hard-working woman like yourself out of her time, her business connection, her friends and her professional taste and knowledge, and then allows her to go home on foot in a storm that ruins her new bonnet. Now, my dear Mrs. Foxglove, will you do me a great favor and tell me why in the name of Heaven you keep talking about a mother's duties to her offspring whenever I warn you against such utterly worthless people as Mrs. Fenwick Bertram?"

"Because I do it all for the sake of my child. I know perfectly well that it's convenient for these women to have me go with them to the dressmakers' shops and put them on to some of the wrinkles that I've learned myself through my business. But I'm not doing this for myself. I'm doing it because I want Alice to know some desirable people when she grows up."

"In the name of Heaven!" I exclaimed angrily, "will nothing open your eyes to your own foolishness? Do you imagine that a cold-blooded, selfish, pushing woman like this Bertram creature could advance your daughter socially, even if she would? Do you know that of all human beings in this world there is no one who can approach in meanness, cruelty, heartless indifference to the rights and feelings of others and absolute general worthlessness the woman who is On the Make? Do you know that in the matter of benevolence the cuttlefish is a veritable Peter Cooper in comparison with her, and that a hyena leaves more on the bones of his victims, because the brute at least will not rob them of their sympathies as she will when she finds that they have neither purse nor scrip? In London you may see an entire Anglo-American colony made up of these women, and it resembles a basket of crabs more than anything else that I can think of. Each one of its members is clutching its immediate neighbors with its claws and with not a thing to feed on in the whole lot. Try to lift one of them up and a dozen will come along with it, and every one of them keenly On the Make. The early settlers of this country began the education of their children by teaching them to beware of rattlesnakes and bears, and it behooves you to——"

"A letter for you, Mrs. Foxglove, and the boy says there's an answer," said Bridget, suddenly entering the room.

I watched the little widow as she opened the note, and I can think of nothing but the old worn-out metaphor of the sun breaking through a mass of April clouds that can compare in any way with the smile that lit up her woebegone little face as she read her letter. I am sure now that Mrs. Foxglove can smile like that when she is alone, and there are very few women that I believe in to that extent.

MEN AND WOMEN

"A PLEASANT YOUNG CHAP"

The Admiral's Wish

THE recent interview of Admiral Dewey in which he said the American Navy had nothing to fear from Germany, and the pother kicked up by Germany about it, reminded the Admiral's friends of a similar interview he gave out on his way home from Manila to the triumphal reception in New York.

Somewhere on the cruise there came aboard the Olympia a newspaper correspondent with a letter of introduction to the Admiral from a common friend. The Admiral talked freely. The correspondent printed what he said. One sentiment was that, sooner or later, this country is to have a war with Germany.

After the interview was printed the Admiral stood by what he had said. As he is a sailor man and not a politician he did not try to impeach the reporter. Still, he thought there might possibly be an inquiry about the interview, either from this country or Germany, and he decided to prepare a statement, for he knew he should be very busy when he reached New York.

The Admiral thought about the statement for some days. Then he concluded what he wanted to say was this: "Yes, I said what the reporter quoted me as saying, and I hope I shall be alive when it happens."

Pauncefote's Pleasant Young Friend

SIR MICHAEL HERBERT, the new British Ambassador, does not believe in talking to the newspapers. He gives no interviews. In this respect he follows the precedent set by Sir Julian Pauncefote, whom he succeeded. Several of the Ambassadors at Washington give out authorized interviews on occasions, carefully revising the text after the chosen reporter has made a "story" of what they said.

A discussion of this rule of the British Embassy at a dinner party in Washington a night or two ago brought out the story of the only Pauncefote interview on record. One morning the Capital was surprised to find the British Ambassador quoted extensively in a New York newspaper. Sir Julian was as much astonished as anybody. Two colleagues found him at the Embassy reading and re-reading the interview.

"Most extraordinary!" said Sir Julian, "most extraordinary!"

"Did you say it?" asked one of the visitors.

"Why, yes," replied Sir Julian, "it represents my views correctly, but I talked to no one save a pleasant young chap who sat next to me on a tram car yesterday afternoon."

"He probably was a reporter," was suggested.

"Most extraordinary!" commented Sir Julian again. "Why, he had no notebook that I saw and he reproduces what I said most accurately. My word, but these American journalists are most remarkable, most remarkable."

After that Sir Julian never talked to "pleasant young chaps" on the tram cars.

Presidential Emphasis

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is the incarnation of emphasis, both physically and mentally, but he never goes beyond the bounds of propriety to add to the force of his language, although he often overleaps the conventions.

His favorite word of commendation is "bully." He uses it constantly. Not long ago, in referring to the wise and venerable Senator Platt, of Connecticut, he said, admiringly: "Now, isn't Platt a bully old boy?"

The President does not swear. Sometimes he says "By George!" and at rare intervals, when the situation is extremely grave, he exclaims, "By Jove!"

A Memorable Day

SOME time after the Battle of Manila Admiral Dewey was entertaining some visitors on board the Olympia. The flagship was at her prettiest. The brass work was brilliant and everything neat and shipshape.

One of the visitors, a gushing young woman from the United States, went into raptures.

"Oh, Admiral Dewey," she said, "what a beautiful ship!"

"Yes," assented the Admiral.

"OH, ADMIRAL," SHE SAID

"Charming," continued the young woman, "so wonderfully clean; and, Admiral, tell me, when did you bring the Olympia to Manila?"

"On May 1, last, Madam," replied the Admiral without raising an eyebrow.

Where Postmaster Payne Got His Gout

SENATOR MARK HANNA has a lame knee. The ailment has been described many times as the gout. It is nothing of the sort. The trouble is due to a fibrous growth that makes it extremely painful for the Senator to walk at times, and is always inconvenient.

A few days ago Postmaster-General Payne limped through the lobby of the Arlington Hotel in Washington. Senator Hanna was sitting in one of the big leather chairs.

"What's the matter with Payne?" asked a friend.

"He's got the gout—real, old-fashioned gout," Senator Hanna replied. "He came here from his rural retreat in Wisconsin and ate too much terrapin."

Senator Hanna paused. Then, with fine indignation, he said: "I don't know that I'm sorry for him. Why, when his friends began twitting him about having the gout he calmly told them he caught it from me."

A Daniel Come to Judgment

JOSEPH L. BRISTOW, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, and Senator Burton were political enemies out in Kansas, and are yet.

As soon as Mr. Burton was elected to the Senate he went to Washington to ask the President for Bristow's scalp.

"I am glad to see you, Senator Burton," said President McKinley, "glad to see you. It is a good thing to have strong young men in the Senate. I shall be glad to do anything I can for you."

KNEW WHAT WAS COMING

"That, Mr. President," said Senator Burton, "brings me to the point I want to make. I desire to speak to you concerning the Federal patronage."

President McKinley knew what was coming. He had been warned. "Certainly, Senator," he replied suavely, "certainly; whenever you have any good man you want placed, any good man—like Bristow, for instance—come and see me. Good-morning."

Bristow is in the Department yet and just now strong in the public view from the investigation he is conducting.

The Right Place to Begin

WHEN the political history of Maryland is written there will be a paragraph or two for the McComas-Mudd feud. It is now in progress, bitter and unrelenting. McComas was a United States Senator until March 4 last and Mudd is a Representative in Congress. Both are Republicans.

In the old days, though, they were bosom friends. McComas was the leader and Mudd a follower. One day they were dining together.

"Sydney," asked McComas, "how old is your boy?"

"Sixteen," replied Mudd proudly.

"My, my," said McComas, "I didn't think he was so old, but, I tell you, Sydney, when the time comes I'll do something handsome for that boy."

Mudd leaned over the table. "Mac," he said, "when you want to do anything for the Mudd family you forget the boy and begin with the old man."

Curtis' Permanent Investment

WILLIAM E. CURTIS, the newspaper correspondent and author, was an old friend of Eugene Field. They worked for the same Chicago paper. A few years before Field died he and Curtis were in St. Louis together and at the same hotel. About eleven o'clock one night, just as Curtis was getting ready for bed, Field came to his room and said: "Will, let me take fifty dollars. I have a party of friends downstairs and I sha'n't have enough money to pay my share of the bill unless you do."

Curtis gave Field the fifty dollars. Field did not mention the loan while they remained in St. Louis and went back to Chicago without paying it.

About a year afterward Curtis went to Chicago. Field had not paid back the money. While he was in his newspaper office Curtis went into Field's room. Field was effusively glad to see him.

"BEGIN WITH THE OLD MAN"

They talked of various things. Finally Curtis nerved himself to speak of the fifty dollars.

"My dear old chap," cried Field, "it had entirely slipped my mind. I hadn't thought of it since. Of course I remember it. I'll let you know about it to-morrow."

He did. Next day when Curtis was reading Field's column, "Sharps and Flats," he came across this paragraph:

"Mr. William E. Curtis, the distinguished Washington correspondent and literary man, is in Chicago looking after some of his permanent investments."

Senator Platt's Heroes of Fiction

BOYS who aspire to be detectives, Indian fighters, cowboys and road agents are not the only persons who buy and read the blood-and-thunder literature so profusely displayed on the news-stands.

Many staid and earnest citizens find mental relaxation in reading about the doings of Deadwood Dick and Old Nick Carter.

A few days before Congress adjourned Senator Platt, of Connecticut, met Representative Metcalfe, of California, in one of the corridors of the Capitol.

"Metcalfe," he asked, "do you read books?"

"Yes," Metcalfe replied, "some books."

"What kind of books do you read?"

"Well, to tell the truth," said Metcalfe apologetically, "I prefer detective stories to anything else."

"Old Sleuth?" asked Senator Platt.

"Yes."

"With a villain in 'em?"

"Yes."

Senator Platt chuckled. "So do I," he said, and then he stalked solemnly away.

According to the Directions

EVERY time a man without governmental experience goes into the Cabinet he is amazed to find he is expected to sign hundreds of letters about which he knows nothing. Usually, a new Secretary starts out bravely to read the letters that come to his desk, but this does not last long. In the Government service the men who do the letter signing turn the routine letter writing over to various subordinates and require the initials of those subordinates on the letters as a guarantee that they are all right.

When Secretary Shaw went into the Cabinet he had the usual experience. He found that twice a day a negro messenger brought in bales of typewritten letters, placed them before him, and stood ready to blot and remove them deftly after he had signed. On the second day the messenger came with his cargo of letters. The first one was a long, technical reply to an appraiser who had submitted a complicated customs problem, written by the Department expert. The Secretary read the letter carefully. It was Greek to him. He puzzled over it a minute and then said: "What's all this about? I am sure I don't know."

"SIGN HERE"

The negro messenger stood with blotter ready, fearful lest the Secretary should keep him after four o'clock. "Neither do I," he said, "but sign here."

The Secretary signed.

A Law-Abiding Citizen

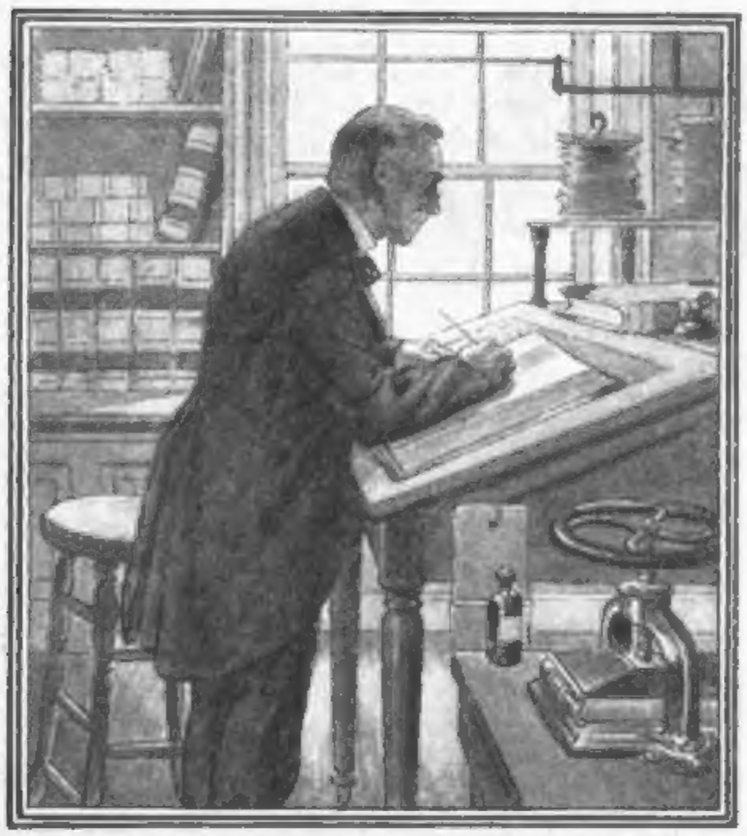
REPRESENTATIVE J. A. T. HULL, of Iowa, sent some garden seeds from Washington to a constituent this spring. They came from the Department of Agriculture and were inclosed in one of the regular franked Government envelopes. On the corner of each of these envelopes appears this legend: "Penalty for private use, $300."

A few days later Mr. Hull received a letter from his constituent which read: "Dear Mr. Hull: I don't know what to do about those garden seeds you sent me. I notice it is $300 fine for private use. I don't want to use them for the public. I want to plant them in my private garden. I can't afford to pay $300 for the privilege. Won't you see if you can't fix it so I can use them privately, for I am a law-abiding citizen and do not want to commit any crime."

The Passing of Old Business Methods

HOW THE NEW OFFICE DIFFERS FROM THE OLD IN APPEARANCE, PERSONNEL AND EQUIPMENT

By A. W. Shaw



BENDING LABORIOUSLY OVER THESE IMPRESSIVE FOLIOS

HOW radical has been the revolution in business methods within recent years is perhaps best realized by bringing to mind a picture of a representative office of the old school in contrast with one of the modern type in which method has reached its highest attainment.

Rows and stacks of massive books, in bindings of leather, buckram or canvas that would have done good service as armor for a knight, are the most conspicuous and impressive objects in the unmodified old-school office. Their very bulk is awesome to the uninitiated, and the young candidate for honors in the accounting craft naturally looks upon the huge and pretentious tomes as little short of Sacred Books. The right to handle them is dignity enough for a novice, but the authority to contribute to their records is a goal for young ambition. These ponderous volumes sprawl over the generous spaces of high-standing desks. Bending laboriously over these impressive folios are men of mature years; serious, thoughtful men whose bearing betrays the conviction that the bookkeeper's craft is regarded in the dignity of a profession; men who hold in conscious pride their ability to carry in memory the remotest details of their business; men who have been well reared and well schooled; men who discharge their tasks with deliberation—possibly with facility also—and who have an air of modest importance in speaking of their ten, twenty, perhaps thirty, years of service. Their handwriting is that of the accomplished penman, their hands are thin and delicate, their bearing has a possible suggestion of "gentlemen of cloth." The young acolytes who serve under the old-school accountants take on the color and tone of their environment and preserve an attitude of grave respect to their superiors.

A heavy copy-press is manipulated by the beginner, who finds hours of employment in laboriously indexing, in the front of the book, the letters he has copied into the body of the volume, flapping and half-folding the leaves to accomplish this task.

If the office contains a typewriter it is of the ordinary pattern. Standing on desk tops and shelves are rows of yellow-backed letter files, or, if the office is of pronounced antiquity, the letters are neatly tied with colored tape into little bundles.

Where the old-school spirit, with its solemn pride and dignity, holds full sway, the furniture is of black walnut, rich with the tone of age and the polish of long usage. But the keynote of the old-school office is the massive, imposing bound book, a type of the old idea of stability and security in accounting.

Such are the aspect and atmosphere of the representative office of the old school. Thousands and tens of thousands of these business houses may be found to-day in every State and Territory; they are encountered in the thriving metropolis as well as in the small town. Upon the army of offices of this more pronounced old-school type the aggressive modern spirit of scientific method and up-to-date system in business is making constant inroad and effecting partial modifications, a gradual effacement of black-walnut tendencies and the ponderous dignity of leather-bound tomes.

Contrast this type of office with one which is ideal in every modern appointment—a model office of the latest kind in respect to both method and equipment.

Instantly the observant eye misses from the landscape of the new office the familiar mountain peaks that loomed so impressively in the old outlook: the great, bulky ledgers, journals and other volumes of record. Instead, the central feature is the modern filing case. Where the big books sprawled over long desks are trim little oaken trays with their sharply-focused complement of index cards. The long rows of unsightly paper-board filing cases are not in evidence, having been happily supplanted by the trim and attractive vertical filing cases. Various small machines and devices wholly foreign to the old-school office at once come into view of the observer, but among them is not to be seen the formidable old-fashioned copying-press.

The device in the model office which in appearance vaguely suggests the letter press is that for the duplication of typewritten "form" letters and circular letters—the "silent salesman," as it has aptly been called. Another piece of mechanism sure to command the attention of the observant investigator of the model office of latest type is the envelope sealer. Like all of the devices which make up the mechanical equipment of the complete up-to-date office, this envelope sealer is small, compact, and of artistic appearance.

Standing where it is most accessible to the busiest accountants is that marvel of modern ingenuity, the adding machine—a device which seems possessed of almost human intelligence and of more than human accuracy.

On the desks of those persons who handle correspondence is a device for stamping the day, hour and minute when the letter, order or document is officially received by the house. Not only is time the essence of all contracts, but in the nervous haste of business as it is done to-day time is also the essence of all transactions, and especially is it the very life of all correspondence. Consequently the time stamp is an essential part of the mechanism of the model office.

The Silent Salesman's Regiment

A FIRST lieutenant to the "silent salesman," or machine for the extensive duplication of typewritten "form letters," is a device for mechanically addressing the envelopes to firms or persons on the regular "house list." And a most interesting and valuable piece of office mechanism this is. Its work is performed with a swiftness calculated to put to shame the most skillful penman or operator of the typewriter.

Numerous rubber stamps, a machine for protecting bank checks against alteration, postal scales for keeping down the expenditures for postage stamps, a little grindstone for sharpening pencils, fountain pens, and various other devices complete the physical equipment of the ideal office.

But the change goes deeper than this; the personnel and the atmosphere of the place are wholly different from that of the typical office of the old school. An air of audacious youthfulness is instantly apparent. Venerable and dignified accountants no longer peer thoughtfully at you from their high stools. They are gone, leaving the field to girls and boys in their teens and to young men who press buttons, give quick, sharp orders and move as if there were not other days ahead. Gone is the atmosphere of quiet deliberation! Obliterated every trace of aristocratic black-walnut self-satisfaction. Everywhere is the spirit of push, dash, hustle!

Where once the manager almost deferentially consulted the old accountant—that oracle of memory—regarding his recollection of transactions, a girl in short skirts or a beardless lad in the pride of his first long trousers is told to bring the record from the filing case. Daily, if not hourly, the aggressive young man in authority is handed various form reports of the card or loose-leaf order which he scans with a quick, searching glance, and then issues a series of orders plainly indicating that the little card or leaf has given him a fresh survey of his business situation, that it has "in the twinkling of an eye" taken him to a high place from which he has secured a swift and sweeping outlook upon the kingdoms of opportunity immediately open before him.

Where have the fine, thoughtful and genteel old accountants in their black frock coats betaken themselves? Go into every big establishment which sends out thousands of envelopes addressed in longhand and you may see long tables at which are seated scores and hundreds of displaced accountants of the old school.

An advertisement inserted in the want columns of a New York or Chicago newspaper will any day bring half a

EVERYWHERE IS THE SPIRIT OF PUSH, DASH, HUSTLE!

hundred of these men to your desk. And you will find them content to earn a dollar a day, while the offer of twice that amount will startle their sad, wrinkled faces into something like the ghost of a smile.

Not long ago, in one of the great merchandizing houses of the East, I looked at a great room fitted with long tables at which were seated hundreds of these old accountants addressing envelopes. Their black garments were worn shiny, their home-laundered collars and cuffs were limp and frayed, their sober black neckties were the handiwork of faithful old wives, and their faces were all touched with the subdued gloom that belongs to the countenance of the vanquished.

"How much do they earn?" I asked the alert young man who had taken me to the room—a department manager whose salary was probably $10,000 a year.

"An average of perhaps a dollar a day. And most of them were fine accountants under the old order of things—intelligent, well-born, well-reared and often scholarly men. But they've fallen under the wheels of mechanical progress. They, the old veterans, have literally changed places with the mere novices of the business. They are doing the work that the green apprentice in his teens did in the old days and slips of girls and beardless boys are doing their work. Tough, isn't it?"

"Yes," I answered, "it's about the most pitiful sight I ever saw."

But the reason for their displacement was clear. They could not adapt themselves to new conditions and methods. Their attitude, training and traditions were wholly antagonistic to the new order and the new methods. They had held on to the old places at the top as long as they could, and had then dropped to the very bottom of the craft.

The Elimination of the Element of Error

ALREADY we have taken a glimpse of the equipment and the personnel of the model—1903—office; now let us go back of these and examine the methods that are distinctively of the latest day and hour. Following a natural order, first take the buying of goods: the old way was laboriously to write, in longhand, a letter, which was made of record by passing through the copying-press. The copy thus produced was often blurred and indistinct. Later, this was varied by using the typewriter, but still employing the copying-press. Now, in the ideal office, what is the process?

With a fountain pen or a typewriter specially adapted to manifolding, the order is written into the open spaces of a blank form. With one writing, or practically no additional labor for duplication, the record is manifolded as follows: original outgoing order; a duplicate for the receiving department; a card for following up the order and seeing that delivery is properly made. Often there is another duplicate for the special information of the executive having supervision of general expenditures.

There is great economy of time and labor in this process of manifolding, but its greatest advantage by far is in the absolute accuracy which it insures. There is no possible chance for mistakes in copying. All of the records must be absolutely identical because the duplication is mechanical. This principle has brought into use the open-panel envelope. Mistakes in addressing envelopes are much more frequent than mistakes in the superscription of orders, invoices and

the like, because this labor, as a rule, is more carelessly and hurriedly done and because inclosures will be slipped into the wrong envelopes.

Any possibility of these blunders is forestalled by the use of the open-panel envelope, which has a rectangular opening, about three inches long and one inch wide, cut into the face of the envelope where the address would ordinarily be written. The inclosures are of a size and form to bring, when folded, the name and address of the firm in the opening of the panel, like a picture in a frame. Not only does this save the addressing of the envelope, but prevents the possibility of mistakes in addressing, or of putting the inclosures into the wrong envelopes. These envelopes are used for purchase orders, invoices, acknowledgments, and almost all forms of accounting correspondence.

The duplicate of the purchase order sent to the receiving department is there checked, as the goods come in, and returned to the accounting desk for filing.

The modern system for carrying the stock of the ordinary wholesale business, for example, can be only briefly suggested here. Its pivotal point is that the record must be in the form of a *perpetual inventory*, made from the basis of the card duplicate of the purchase order. From the latter an analytical card record is made—one card for each article. These cards are filed between "guides" in an arrangement which makes it possible instantly to determine the itemized or the total purchases of any stock and the disbursements of stock by items and totals. Of course, goods are disbursed only on presentation of a requisition card showing the proper authority for distribution. The number of each requisition is noted on the stock card when the deduction of its amount from the total of that stock is made, as are also the numbers of the receiving slips when stock additions are recorded.

No modern merchandizing establishment, however small, will be without a stockkeeper. He may be assigned additional duties if the duties of his position are not sufficient to occupy all his time. Sound methods dictate that the merchant shall do business upon the smallest stock possible without the danger of discommoding customers, as depreciation of stock and loss of interest on the amount invested in surplus goods eat into profits. The new method involves a mechanical system which shall automatically indicate the low points and the high points in stock by signals which cheap help can understand. Maximum and minimum limits on each stock are established by the responsible executive. The stock cards are so tagged, by a little metal indicator moving along the top, that low, normal and high limits are indicated at a glance. Those showing the danger points at the two extremes are each day picked out by the girl or boy attending to these cards and are taken to the stock manager. Instantly he has the whole situation under his eye. His time is not taken up by long investigations to acquire this information. He is free to earn his salary by *thinking* in the interests of the house.

How Modern Correspondence is Handled

THE selling system of a fairly modern house is too vast a subject to be more than suggested here. First consider the correspondence. Not long ago I went into an Eastern office which embodied all the old-school traditions. The man who turned out eight or ten letters a day thought he had done well. Every line was framed with as much study as if he had not done hundreds of such letters before. He did not get above his correspondence and see that his letters naturally divided themselves into distinct classes. In the model office, to-day, this analysis is carried to a fine point. Trained correspondents dictate the letters. Often their dictation is sprinkled by references like this: "Form 3, paragraph 1." This refers the stenographer to a set of "model letters" carefully framed to meet constantly recurring conditions. Often a large house pays a "Correspondence Expert" a handsome fee to write for each department a set of these model letters. Again, in dictating answers to letters, the original is simply numbered in pencil by the correspondent, and the stenographer later gets from the original the name and address of the person or house for which the answer is intended. This saves much of the time of the man who has scores or hundreds of letters to dictate each day. Letters and carbon duplicates of answers are filed together in a vertical filing case, and are indexed—perhaps several times cross-indexed—in the cards which furnish the key to the vertical files.

Customers are the basis of all commercial operations, consequently of all schemes for indexing the correspondence of a business. Open the drawer of the customer's card index in the model office and what do you see? Ordinarily a set of colored guide-cards bearing the names of States, between these are customers' cards arranged in alphabetical order. This is the most ordinary and elemental arrangement. Sometimes, however, the names of the traveling men employed by the house appear on the guide-cards with sub-indexing according to cities and towns within that salesman's territory. Another arrangement is according to lines of business. Each customer's card presents a complete picture of his relations with the house, showing the amount of his purchases for each month and for a period of years. A glance shows, for example, that he bought fewer goods, by far, this month than last, and that his purchases for February, 1903, were $1000 less than for February, 1902. That customer needs a careful letter of inquiry, and the traveling man to whose list he belongs needs a sharp reminder.

A Calendar that Almost Thinks

WHAT is called the "follow-up" cabinet generally contains a list of actual and of prospective customers. To the former are sent quotations, new catalogues, announcements, reminders, and all kinds of form letters adapted to those already having active relations with the house. To the possible customers are sent circulars, booklets and a variety of follow-up literature. Running across the top of each card is a "traveling calendar" consisting of a horizontal row of figures and a "sliding tag." The purpose of this arrangement is to enable the clerk instantly to select from a drawer full of cards those bearing names and addresses to which literature should be simultaneously sent. For example, let us suppose this to be the fifth of the month. The person addressing follow-up literature opens the drawer, readily locates the first tag resting on "5" and removes it. Of course, all the other tags resting on the same figure are the same distance from the left-hand edge of the card and are picked out as rapidly as the fingers can move. As each piece of literature is addressed the tag on the corresponding card is moved forward to the figure indicating the next date on which the customer should again hear from the house.

The movements of salesmen are kept track of by means of a map spotted with tags. This is to keep the salesmen posted with reminders for special calls and other information calculated to influence him to go outside his regular routine. Salesmen are also furnished with a "quotation" pad. Whenever one quotes a price he is not only obliged to put it "in black and white," but the record is manifolded in triplicate—one copy for the customer, one to be retained by the salesman and one (in the form of a card) for the house. There it is attached to the customer's card and is the basis for a careful "follow up" of the quotation. This makes salesmen conservative in quoting prices, prevents collusion between customer and salesman, and prevents possibility of mistake or dispute.

System makes for exactness, for facility, for conservatism; and the wholesaler should feel it as much his duty as his advantage persistently to educate his customers in better methods. This will make his own work easier and the business of his customer sounder.

From the customer's cards are made up the analytical records, upon which the management may well spend hours of the most careful thought. "Bulk" comparisons are misleading. One salesman may sell, at ruling prices, twice the goods of another, and yet may make but half the profit to his employers. Let me take the case of a large paint house. Net profits on mixed paints were large; on varnishes they were small. A salesman made a big showing in bulk sales, but the analytical card record showed that he had made the house much less money than the salesman with a very modest total showing, but who was "strong on mixed paints." Every weak point is brought out by a properly devised "analytical card record" which shows where to push and where to relax. It also reveals the special conditions as to trade, cost of transportation, etc., in each locality.

Under the old régime the entries in the "order book" were checked, stamped or "crossed off" as filled; then the book was sent to the accounting-room to serve as the basis for the invoices. There was constant friction between the shipping and accounting departments over the use of the book, and consequently perpetual inconvenience. Now the order is manifolded, giving one "loose-leaf" copy to the sales department, one to the shipping clerk, one is retained in the order department, and perhaps another for some special official. The same duplicating process makes the bills of lading and the shipping tags, and again it produces, at a single stroke, the invoice, the statement, the blank for the credit and collecting department and the entry on the sales journal—the latter being made up of "loose leaves" until securely bound together in binder or cover. Compare this with the old method of perpetual copying and recopying, with the errors and loss of time inevitably involved. In the ideal office this will be carried still further, another duplicate "leaf" from the invoice record being filed in a system of drawers to serve as a ledger.

In following up accounts the "traveling calendar" serves as a mechanical reminder and classifier as effectively as in the matter of "follow-up" literature. A color scheme of the tags indicates the condition of the accounts—a red tag, for example, showing the account to have been placed in the hands of the attorney.

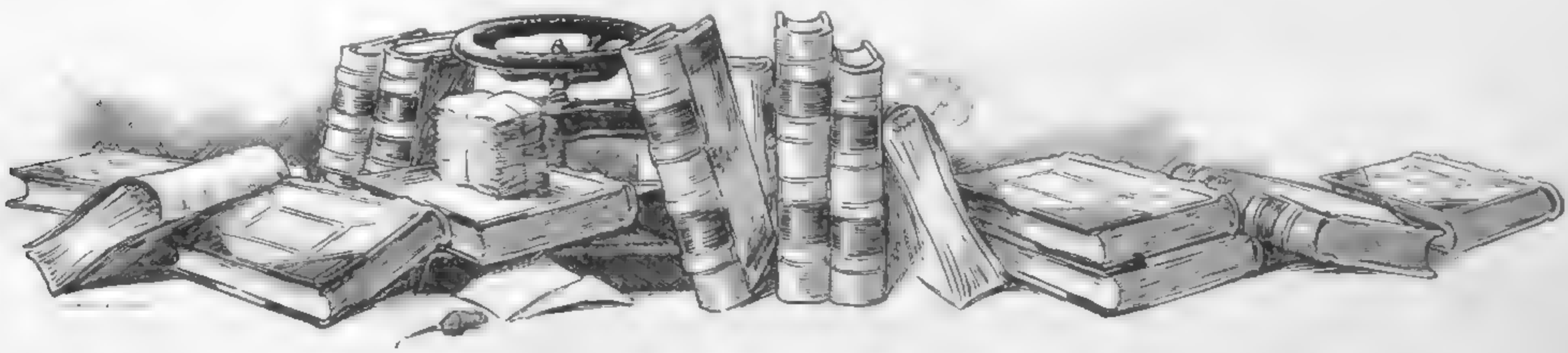
Of course, all funds received and expended should be put through the bank. There is no exception to this rule in the model office. In the ideal office the cash or bank journal will be a most important factor in accounting. This will be a loose-leaf affair with a perpendicular perforation. A portion of it laps over so that the column containing the amounts of checks, drafts, money orders, currency and other forms of remittances will be produced in duplicate, while the names of the parties making payment and the column for stamps, discounts or miscellaneous deductions will not be duplicated. The latter section, after the sheet has been torn along the line of perforation, is retained by the depositor and forms a complete record of receipts, from which postings are made to the individual accounts. The other part, which is sent to the bank, records only the funds for deposit, the figures being mechanically duplicated. This makes the bank check up the depositor's books. There is no chance for difference between your own account and the deposit slip, no opportunity for transposition of figures with awkward complications at the bank. Here, also, is where the swift and certain adding machine makes itself useful.

The Close-Range System of Accounting

IN THE old-school office the purchase ledger was made up by copying the items from incoming bills into the journal and then posting. Under the present practice, the original bills are pasted upon sheets or leaves of a "loose-leaf" book and the amounts are entered at "close range," in debit and credit columns at the right, each sheet being numbered and each bill on the sheet being lettered or numbered consecutively in the corner. In the purchase journal, where the accounts are distributed, these numbers serve as marks of identification and the entering of names is unnecessary.

From the "loose-leaf" books which I have described the accounts are posted, at the end of the month, into the general ledger of the house. With accuracy in posting the totals from the sheets the general ledger is almost bound to balance, because the items of the "loose-leaf" journals have been produced by the manifold process and the additions have been mechanical.

Perhaps the keynote of the modern office—aside from accuracy and dispatch—is the elimination of expensive help. Where, under the old system, five good accountants at twenty-five dollars a week were required, now the same labor is more easily and efficiently done by one good man at thirty-five dollars and four cheap assistants at four dollars to ten dollars. This is not a pleasing prospect from a strictly humanitarian viewpoint, but it is business, and we cannot circumvent the laws of progress, however much we may be puzzled in deciphering its compensations and its final relation to universal justice.



Despotism and Democracy

A Study in Washington Society and Politics

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CHAPTER II

OUT in the spring sunshine, that flooded the plaza and the parklike gardens and blazed upon the golden dome of the fair white National Library, visible beyond the fringe of great green trees, Thorndyke looked about him for Constance Maitland. She was just stepping into a smart little brougham with a good-looking pair of brown cobs, and drove away toward the quiet, shady, beautiful but unfashionable part of the town to the east.

The carriage went slowly and Thorndyke, pursuing it, saw it stop a few blocks from the Capitol, by one of those parks large enough for one to wander in and feel alone as if in the woods. Constance descended from the carriage holding her skirts daintily, and walked into the park. Thorndyke boldly followed her—she had said to-morrow—and this was to-morrow.

He came upon her in a few minutes in a little open space, shut in, except for the pathway on every side, by shrubbery. The grass was full of daisies which had just put on their little white shirts and yellow caps, and a pair of robins hopped about with as much gayety and freedom as if they were country robins instead of town robins.

Constance was sitting on a rusty iron bench, a little in the shade. She had taken off her gloves, and her hands, small and innocent of rings, lay in her lap. She seemed to be day-dreaming, as if she were eighteen instead of thirty-eight years of age. Thorndyke was pleased to see that by the searching light of day she did not look nearly so young as in the mysterious night. But she was not the less charming on that account—she had simply reached the fullness of her development in mind, in feeling, and even in beauty.

As Thorndyke took off his hat and bowed to her he received a distinct invitation, by means of her eyes and smile, to remain, so he seated himself on the bench by her side. She began the conversation by saying:

"I have just come from the House. It was very exciting. I [illegible] how anyone can call life in America dull. It is Europe which is dull—it is stagnation compared with this, our country."

Thorndyke again noted, with delight, in her speech that slight trace of her Creole blood which years had not changed. She said "do not" and "can not" in place of "don't" and "can't"; she took extraordinary pains to pronounce the *th*, and had a way of accenting last syllables in a manner not recommended by the dictionaries. The result was piquant and charming. Constance herself was quite unconscious of it, and Thorndyke remembered that in the old days he could bring her to pique and pouts at any time by asking her to pronounce certain words and phrases which were a perpetual stumbling block to her. He did not venture now to laugh at her about this pretty idiosyncrasy, but gravely took up the thread of conversation where she dropped it.

"What do you think of Crane's speech?"

"It was quite extraordinary. But it was not like him. It seemed to me as if he were making somebody else's speech. Was it yours?"

If Constance had searched the realms of thought to find out the words that would most soothe and satisfy Thorndyke at that moment she could not have found any better than those she uttered. Smarting under the sense of having sown for another to reap, Thorndyke needed consolation. He had the defects of his qualities, and along with his passionate devotion to parliamentary life was the natural desire for popular applause. But he had never had it. He fondly believed that had this superb opportunity been awarded him he should have proved equal to it. Had it but occurred two months earlier! He and not Crane would have been enveloped in trailing clouds of glory. But Constance—Constance with her woman's wit had seen that some one else besides Crane deserved the credit for that effort. He made no reply to her questions beyond a slight smile, but he let it be seen that she had hit the white.

"Mr. Crane tells me he knows you," he said presently.

"Yes," answered Constance. "He has been a few times to see me. Last night I met him at the ball at the British Embassy. I danced with him."

"He owned up to me some time ago that he was taking dancing lessons—at forty-two, with a wife and children in Circleville. I fancy his performance answers the description that Herodotus gives of the dancing of Hippoclides—it is diverting to himself, but disgusting to others."

"On the contrary, he dances very well—when he is not trying to do his best. Perhaps you are surprised that I should still care to dance—but remember, pray, my mother was Creole French."

And to this Thorndyke made a speech which brought the blood into Constance Maitland's cheeks, knocking ten years off her age at once.

"I remember everything," he said.

After a moment's pause Constance, still with a heightened color, continued:

"I have seen Mr. Crane several times this winter—not only in my own house, but in others. Whenever I am with him I am consumed with pity for him."

"He does not need your pity now," said Thorndyke grimly. "It is more needed by his senior Senator who is the fly-wheel of the political machine in his State. The old gentleman, I know, is at this minute walking the floor in his committee-room and gnashing his teeth over Crane's success."

"He ought to be ashamed of himself—ungenerous creature!" hastily interjected Constance.

"Senator Bicknell took Crane up, sent him to Congress and thought he had secured a really efficient understrapper. I don't think Crane will fill that place after to-day's triumph, and the senior Senator knows it, and has got to discover means, if possible, to garrote Crane politically before the next Congressional campaign."

"I see," replied Constance, who was interested in the subject only because she saw Thorndyke was. "Mr. Crane, by virtue of making your speech, has got beyond the control of his master. By the way—I am so ignorant of Congressional matters—how can I get the Congressional Record sent me every day?"

"You have already got it—by mentioning to me that you wished it. It is one of my few privileges. I am glad to do at least that much for you."

Thorndyke heard himself saying these things without his own volition in the least. If Constance Maitland were willing at this moment to give up a fortune for poverty with him, would he accept the sacrifice? Never. How could a woman of her mature age, nurtured in luxury, descend to poverty?—for poverty is the lot of every Member of Congress who wishes to live in something more than mere decency on his salary. And yet, Thorndyke at every opportunity had assured Constance Maitland of his unforgetting, of his tender recollections, in short, of his love. Nor had she showed any unwillingness to listen. It is not a woman's first love for which she wrecks her life; it is her last love—that final struggle for supremacy. There can be no more after that. Sappho, on the great white rock of Mitylene, knew this and perished.

Some thoughts like this came into Constance Maitland's mind, and driving away her color, restored to her the lately vanished years. Silence fell between them for a while, until Constance roused herself, and affecting cheerfulness said:

"I shall study the Congressional Record with interest. Everything in one's own country is of interest after a long and painful exile."

"You should read Lord Bolingbroke's defense of exile," replied Thorndyke, moving a little nearer to her and resting his elbow on the back of the bench so that he could look into her pensive, changing face.

"And yet, I dare say, Lord Bolingbroke pined in his exile. Nobody believed him when he said he did not mind. Mine, however, was complete. My uncle, von Hesselt, who was an honorable man in his way, thought he was carrying out my aunt's wishes by keeping me wholly away from all Americans and wholly with foreigners."

"But you could have left him after you were of age."

"Ah, you do not know! He was the most terrible sufferer you can imagine for fifteen years. And what was worse, he was surrounded by people, his own relatives, who, I truly believe, would have shortened his life if they could. He knew this, and feared it even more than was reasonable. Once my longing for my country became such that it overcame me, and I told my uncle I must, I must come to America. He pleaded with me—imagine an old man, whose life was one long stretch of pain and fear, pleading with you until he fell prone in a paroxysm of despair? I, too, was in despair, and I promised him I would remain with him during his life—I hardly knew what I was saying—I was not twenty-one at the time—but I knew well enough after it was said I kept my word, and I nursed him through his last illness and closed his eyes in death. Then, as soon as all was over, I sailed for America. I feel now as if I never wished to see Europe again."

"And did Baron von Hesselt realize the enormous sacrifice you made for him?"

"Yes—that is, partly."

"Your aunt certainly was most unjust to you," said Thorndyke coolly. "I mean that provision robbing you of all your fortune in case you marry an American."

"Yes, very unjust," replied Constance with equal coolness, although the flush returned to her cheeks.

"And I—I was to blame for that," cried Thorndyke, venturing further upon ticklish ground.

"Not altogether," replied Constance, maintaining the steadiness of her voice. "My aunt hated our country—she

belonged to the old régime at the South—she could not forget the Civil War—and she meant—poor soul, I forgive her now—that I should never return to America permanently. It was a strange thing to do—but I must admit my aunt to have been in some respects both a strange and a foolish woman. Let us not speak of her again. I am back, and if I feel as I do now I shall never live in Europe again. It is time for me to prepare to grow old."

She said this with a wan little smile, and all at once thought with terror of her age—there was but four or five years' difference between Thorndyke and herself, and that difference, at a certain point, becomes transferred to the gentleman's side of the ledger. Suddenly the spring afternoon seemed to become melancholy and overcast. A sharp wind sprang up from the near-by river—the world turned from gold to gray. At the same moment Thorndyke and Constance rose and walked away from the spot that had been only a little while ago so sweet and sunny

"Why is it," asked Constance, as they followed the pathway leading out of the park, "a spring morning is the merriest thing in life, and a spring evening the saddest?"

"Why should anything be sad to you—spring evenings or any other times?" asked Thorndyke, quietly and with perfect sincerity

"Why should any one be sad at all? Because we are human, I suppose," was Constance's answer to this.

As they came out upon the streets, which were less deserted than usual, Thorndyke looked toward the south wing of the Capitol. The flag was fluttering down from its flagstaff

"The House has adjourned," he said, "and some history has been made to-day—likewise a great reputation for our friend Crane."

The brougham was driving up and down, and the coachman perceiving the graceful black figure on the sidewalk drove toward them. Thorndyke observed, with disgust, the elegance of the turnout—the two perfectly matched cobs, the silver mounted harness of Spanish leather, the minature brougham with "C. M." in cipher on the panels—the whole must have cost about half his yearly income. This, together with Crane's remarkable triumph, made him surly, and he said stiffly, as he assisted Constance into the brougham.

"You gave me permission to call to-day."

"Yes, but I withdraw it. It is now nearly three o'clock. I have not had my luncheon I am tired and I must rest this afternoon, and I go out to dinner. To-morrow at five."

Her tone and manner discounted her words. It was as if she were saying: "I must save something for to-morrow—I will not be a spendthrift of my joys." Thorndyke, finding nothing to discompose him in her words, replied, in a very good humor

"It is always to-morrow—but to-morrow is better than not at all. Good-by."

The brougham rolled off, and Thorndyke stepped aboard a street car bound for the west end

At the Capitol plaza a great crowd got on, among them the two gentlemen whom Thorndyke affectionately described as his boss and Crane's boss. The two men stood together on the platform outside. Both of them revealed in their faces their mastery of men and affairs, for your true boss is necessarily a very considerable man. Senator Standiford, Thorndyke's boss, had an iron jaw, but his face was not altogether without a touch of ideality. Senator Bicknell, Crane's boss, had likewise a determined face, but his forehead and eyes betrayed the human weakness of liking clever men as his instruments. Both men were millionaires. Senator Standiford lived in three rooms at a hotel, rode in street cars, indulged his only daughter to the point of prodigality and gave liberally of his money to campaign funds, charities and his poor relations, but was never known to part with an atom of his power if he could help it. Senator Bicknell fared sumptuously every day, had a splendid house and gorgeous carriages, only rode in the street cars for a lark and was reported to be a skinflint in money matters, and somewhat foolishly lavish in giving away his power. The two men exchanged some words which Thorndyke, wedged inside as he was, could not but hear. Senator Standiford was saying to his colleague:

"'S. M. & L. stock must be going down when *you* ride in a street car"

"I lost one of my coach-horses last night," replied Senator Bicknell, "and can't use my carriage to-day."

"Misfortunes never come singly," said Senator Standiford enigmatically, then adding, "I suppose it's in order to congratulate you on the success of your protégé, Crane, to-day?"

Thorndyke could scarcely keep from laughing at the look of chagrin which came over Senator Bicknell's countenance.

"Y-yes," he answered dubiously

"Don't get in a panic," kept on Senator Standiford with rude good humor; "I know how it is with those fellows. Crane thinks from this day forth that you are a back number, an old fogy, and a dead cock in the pit. He will go into what he considers a grooming process for the next two years—oh, I know those fellows! He will kick up a lot of dust in the gubernatorial convention, will make a great display of not wanting the nomination, and will bide his time until your term expires. Then he will find it is a gruelling and not a grooming he has had, and he will get a small bunch of votes, but I don't think you need take the fellow seriously."

At this last sentence Senator Bicknell's face shone like the sun. It shone the more when Senator Standiford kept on:

"There's no reason to fear a man who makes a good speech—"

"I am in no fear of any one," gravely replied Senator Bicknell, who thought it essential to his dignity to say so much.

"It's the strong debater who is likely to become formidable. There's Thorndyke now—Crane has made the speech—largely Thorndyke's—but he is totally unequal to the running fire of debate. Thorndyke could do him up inside of ten minutes. Luckily for him, the debate will not be fierce—and Thorndyke will really conduct it."

A PREMEDITATED MEETING ON THE SENATOR'S PART

"Mr. Thorndyke is a very able man," said Senator Bicknell, as if thinking aloud.

"Yes, but totally without ambition," replied Senator Standiford gravely—and Thorndyke, within the car, laughed.

It was, however, no laughing matter, but Thorndyke, having chosen his rôle for better or for worse, could only cleave to it, forsaking all others. But he would see Constance Maitland the next day at five o'clock. There was balm in Gilead—or hasheesh in the pipe, he knew not exactly which

CHAPTER III

LIFE is a battle and a march—especially public life. Thorndyke waked the next morning prepared for both a battle and a march. A glance at the morning newspapers showed that the country was entirely with the Congress, and the people, having given their orders, would see to it that these orders were promptly obeyed. The Continental press of Europe with few exceptions barked furiously. The French newspapers alone retained dignity and good sense, pointing out the inevitable trend of events, and advised that, instead of abusing the United States, they should copy it in that system which had made it great, not by war, but by peace. The English newspapers were fair, but in some of them bitterness was expressed at England being shouldered out of her place as the greatest of the world powers by the young giant of the West. There was in all of them, however, a note of triumph, that this first place had been lost only to an offshoot of the sturdy parent stock. This sentiment is often ridiculed as a peculiarly absurd form of national self-love, but there is, in reality, nothing ridiculous about it. As long as self love is a part of nations and individuals so long will each nation and each individual strive to share in the general stock of glory each evenient and success. In the American newspapers the man most prominent was Crane. He was compared to Henry Clay, to Stephen A. Douglas, to any and every American public man who had early in life made a meteoric rise in Congress. He was represented as the embodiment of youth with the wisdom of age. One newspaper reckoned him to be a political Chatterton and called him "the Wondrous Boy." His beauty was lauded, his voice, his delivery, the fit of his trousers; and one enthusiastic journal in Indianapolis promptly nominated him for the Presidency. Thorndyke searched the newspapers carefully and did not find his own name once mentioned. He reflected upon Horace Greeley's remark that fame is a vapor.

Disappointing as it was to him to feel that another had reaped his harvest it did not give him acute pain; for he had waked that morning with the agreeable consciousness which comes occasionally to every human being—that the world is more interesting to-day than it was yesterday, that consciousness which illuminates the cold, gray stage of life and indicates that the lights are about to be turned up and the play to begin. The kind tones of Constance Maitland's voice were still in Thorndyke's ears, and the unmistakable look of interest in her soft eyes had visited him in dreams. He was no nearer marrying her than he had been at any time during the past eighteen years; the same obstacle was there—a very large, real, terrifying and obvious obstacle—but there was also a sweet and comforting suspicion in his mind that Constance, as well as himself, had cherished the idyl of their youth. And then, by daylight, she did not look so preposterously girlish as she had looked by moonlight and in ball dress. This gave Thorndyke considerable pleasure as he brushed the remnants of his hair into positions where they would do the most good. Her apparent advantage of him in the matter of youth and good looks had been disturbing to him at first. She still had much of youth and much good looks, but yet, a man with scanty hair and a gravish mustache would not look like an old fool beside her as he had feared.

Thorndyke, according to his custom, walked to the Capitol. The morning, like most spring mornings in Washington, was as beautiful as the first morning in the garden of Eden. He chose unfrequented streets, and passing under the long green arcades had only the trees for his companionship on his walk

Instead of reaching the building by way of the plaza Thorndyke chose rather to ascend the long flights of steps leading upward from terrace to terrace on the west front. It is a way little used, but singularly beautiful with its lush greenness of shrubbery, and the noble view both of the building and the fair white city embosomed in trees, spread out like a dream city before the eye. Half-way up Thorndyke saw Senator Standiford sitting on one of the iron benches placed on the falls of the terrace. Thorndyke was surprised to see him there, and it occurred to him at once that it was a premeditated meeting on the Senator's part

He was a tall, ugly old man with chin whiskers, but his appearance was redeemed by the power which spoke from his strongly marked face, and by his punctilious, old fashioned dress and extreme neatness. He wore a silk hat made from a block he had used for thirty years. His coat, gray and wide-skirted, seemed of the same vintage, and his spotless collar of antique pattern, and his large black silk necktie might have been worn by Daniel Webster himself. A big pair of gold spectacles and a gold-headed cane completed a costume which was admirably harmonious, and produced the effect of an old lady in 1903 with the side curls and cap of 1853

(Continued on Page 25)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ The hypocrite is too good to be true.

¶ The proof of the home is in the nursery.

¶ Curiosity loves to mask as tender solicitude.

¶ A man who wears diamonds is seldom a jewel.

¶ He who fears ridicule is at the mercy of every fool.

¶ If you don't know how, ask the first man you meet.

¶ Only the successful have the work of responding to encores.

¶ The merchant who does not advertise never needs the rest cure.

¶ Strong measures are the first resort of the weak; the last of the strong.

¶ Beauty may be only skin-deep, but the knowledge of it is very penetrating.

¶ If it were not for fighting shadows we should be strong enough for realities.

¶ The early-going habit is a good one, but modern servants carry it to extremes.

¶ No man can count the stars, but many men think they can comprehend the universe.

¶ The great statesman is rarely recognized until events have made him indispensable.

¶ A man never argues so well as when convincing himself that his pet extravagance is really an economy in disguise.

¶ One of life's inscrutable mysteries is why the average widow believes that a ten-dollar husband is entitled to a two-hundred-dollar casket.

Much Ado About Nothing

WE REALLY seem to be developing a very pretty quarrel with Germany out of absolutely nothing at all. When we began matching navies with the Kaiser the thing was rather a joke. But they have such deadly serious editors and officers in Berlin that the American brand of humor is as dangerous there as baled guncotton. When the Hochwohlgeborener Generallieutenant Graf von Rixentlow hears that our tactful Dewey has said that our Caribbean squadron could thrash the whole German Navy, his mustaches bristle belligerently and he hammers the table with his stein while he proves that the American Navy is a collection of antiquated junk, that its manœuvres are childish, that its gunners can't shoot, and that its mongrel crews are deserting by shiploads. Then the German editors mutter "Ganz gut!" and ink flows like beer in every sanctum in Berlin.

There are amusing features of this paper warfare, but it has its painful side, too. Of course, we can hardly help laughing when the American Navy, with its century and a quarter of vigorous activity, and its splendid record of victory in eight wars, is accused of "immaturity" and the "faults of childhood" by the subjects of an empire thirty-two years old whose flag has never floated in a real naval battle. And our sense of humor is tickled, too, when we see the identical criticisms that lulled the Spaniards into their fatal security repeated word for word as if the history of 1898 were a blank. Nevertheless, we are not without fault for the present deplorable friction between the German and American people. We ought to have treated the Kaiser's amicable advances with more respect. We ought to have carefully reframed from saying anything that could cause ill-feeling in Germany. National animosities are more dangerously inflamed by insults than by injuries. It may be true that Germany's secret aspirations are inconsistent with our national policy. It may be true that her naval program was framed for future use against the United States. These things, if we believed them to be so, would give cause for watchfulness, and for quiet naval preparations of our own, but not for offensive talk.

For the past four years the attitude of the German Government toward us has been not only correct but friendly, and not only friendly but cordial. It is our duty to accept its assurances at their face value, and not to display any doubt of its good faith until it gives us cause to do so. Meanwhile, no country can take offense if on general principles we bring our navy up to a proper standard. It would be perfectly harmless, and might be useful to the world at large, for an American admiral to inform mankind that our fleet was strong enough to defend the Monroe Doctrine and the Panama Canal against any force that might attempt to interfere with either of them. It is unnecessary and offensive to announce that our navy can lick the Kaiser's with one hand tied behind its back. Both Germans and Yankees are pretty good fellows, and a really serious quarrel between them would be a calamity to the world.

Some Moral Antitoxins

NOW that the Easter vacation is over and the boys have gone back to school, the house suddenly grows silent and empty, and you and your wife sit down to the quiet meals with a dull tug at your hearts.

It is likely that all your work for years and all your hopes for the rest of your life have gone into the making up of those two big hobbledehoys. They are to have the chance that you missed; they are to have the learning, the ease of manner, the fortune and the fame which did not come to you. You forget now all the plans that you once made for your own development, but you know just how much money you must stint and lay by at home presently to give Tom a couple of years' study under German specialists and Bob a finish at Oxford. The boys are to you the flower of humanity—though your neighbor finds them, compared to his Jim, dull and loutish cubs. Nor does it ever occur to you that in every house in the world some such miracle of perverted vision is going on—for God's good purposes.

There are two or three facts about these boys, however, which you are apt to overlook. One is that they are not only your dependents and your imitators, but your judges.

When your children are about eight years old they suddenly waken to the truth that you are not a god nor an infallible Pope, but human like themselves. Their eyes are on you if you break into a rage or let slip an oath or a lie. That code of perfect living, that love to God and to man which you have been teaching them—do you live up to it? Even that child upon your knee finds you guilty sometimes. But when Tom and Bob come back from school to read you with a boy's keen, instructed eyes, it is not well for you if you have made clean your face and forgotten some vile dead secret inside your heart.

Another hint: Don't force Tom into a medical school or Bob into the law because that suits your plans or convenience. The fact that you have given up your life for theirs does not give you control over their lives. If your boy is born with irresistible dominating talent for any art or trade, thank God and at once set him at it. If not, study his abilities and give them a free chance. Better he should make a false start in life than feel in his old age that he had been driven by others like a donkey from the beginning. A man who had been long the controller of large affairs once said:

"A young man's success or failure in life does not depend so much on his talents or chances as on his temperament. Your cheery, vain, self-reliant fellow will leave his despondng, humble minded brother who has twice his ability far behind in the race."

If Tom is given to brag and swagger, snub him. But if Bob lags behind, always doubtful of himself, don't be afraid to inoculate him with self-respect; give him work for a time in which he will have authority over men who are his inferiors.

There are antitoxins for poisons of the soul as well as the body, if we are wise enough to use them.

A National Fit of Indigestion

A GOOD deal of fun has been poked at Mr. Morgan recently for saying that the only obstacle to the further expansion of our prosperity is the mass of "undigested securities." It is undoubtedly a peculiar phrase, and instantly lends itself to such humorous suggestions as that the reasons for the securities being "undigested" is the usual reason for failure to digest—indigestibility. But anything can be turned into a joke—happily—and the jests do not affect the expressiveness of the phrase or its accuracy in describing the peculiar conditions now prevailing in this country.

The big financiers have organized within a few years a very large number of enormous enterprises. Now, the business of a financier is not to create enterprises for the purpose of keeping them, but to create them for sale to the investing public. The investing public is satisfied with the interest and dividends, the four to eight per cent. regularly coming in; the financier wants the larger profit that comes to him who thinks out new projects and puts them into effect, and disposes of the results that he may release his capital for larger profits which he had to put off until his capital had grown. If he cannot dispose of his completed project his capital continues locked up in it and brings him only interest or dividends at the small rate; and the larger projects must wait.

That was what Mr. Morgan meant by "undigested securities." Large enterprises have been undertaken so rapidly that the financiers have on their hands enormous quantities of stocks and bonds which they cannot dispose of and so free their capital for the still larger enterprises which the rapidly developing resources of the country have brought into view. And the big financiers are impatiently waiting for the country to "digest" the securities so that they may put their capital where it can earn forty and fifty per cent. and more—the large returns that have ever come to the man who has the three great qualities for large business enterprises: capital, courage and common-sense.

There are two aspects of this condition of tardy digestion—one cheerful, the other not so cheerful.

The cheerful aspect is that so long as the capital of the big fellows is locked up in these enterprises they will have the best possible management. If Mr. Morgan or Mr. Rockefeller owns tens of millions of dollars of the stock of an industrial or a railway, he will give that industrial or railway a degree of personal attention which it would not get if it represented to him only an insignificant fraction of his fortune. The rarest talent in the world to-day, as always, is executive ability; and never has there been such a clamorous demand for it as in this country at the present time. Workers there are a-plenty; routine men a-plenty; men a-plenty capable to obey orders and to execute other people's ideas. But men able to create ideas and to execute them—only a few. Now, while in one way it might be advantageous for the big men to be able to free their capital so that they could employ it in building new railroads, new factories, in another way it is just as well that they are compelled to dry-nurse as well as to wet-nurse their projects.

The less cheerful aspect of this condition of tardy digestion is that it indicates the growing extravagance of the American people. Of course, thousands on thousands of us are going on in the old thrifty ways—are putting by a little at a time and emptying the full stocking into an investment in acres or mortgages, stocks or bonds. But more thousands—and those the quickest witted—are learning all too rapidly the lessons of extravagance.

It is not an evil, but the reverse, that a man should learn how personally to use what civilization puts at his service. Progress begins when a savage is tempted by what is to him a luxury and yields to the extent of going to work in order that he may earn it. But, while no man could define in general terms what wasteful extravagance means, no man except the born miser or the born spendthrift is ignorant of what is for him wasteful extravagance. And while to be sure the rich are undoubtedly wastefully extravagant, the imitators of the rich, clear down the line from well-to-do to clerk and farm-hand, shop-girl and cook, are far outdoing the rich. The senseless notion that equality is asserted by throwing away money as if one had it "to burn" is rampant and is becoming "rampageous." Instead of investing in securities the earners are investing in extravagant tastes.

Without discussing the merits of these "undigested securities," the fact remains that with money never more plentiful among the great mass of the American people investments are going begging to-day that would have been eagerly taken up a dozen years ago. We are a nation of liberal spenders—and that is well, for the best is none too good for a sovereign American citizen. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, thrift is a virtue. And it has a mighty unpleasant way of reminding us of the fact—mighty unpleasant.

SINFUL PECK

By Morgan Robertson

Author of Masters of Men

PRICKLY HEAT

DURING the noon hour a steam launch towing a cascoe, or native lighter, crept up to the gangway, deposited a white-clad officer and two soldiers on the grating, then pulled the cascoe forward to the main chains, where her crew made her fast. The officer and soldiers climbed aboard, and Mr. Becker, called from his dinner by the watching steward at the forward companion, came out wiping his mouth

"I'm an Inspector of Customs," said the officer. "I suppose you know that Manila is under martial law? Who is in charge of this ship?"

"I'm in charge, sir," answered Mr. Becker; "signed first mate and acting skipper while Captain Jackson's in the hospital. How's he getting on, sir? Have you heard?"

"Badly cut. How'd it happen? I only know that our men shot a nigger after he knifed the captain"

"Went daft and run amuck. Mr. Brown and me only got here yesterday from Singapore; but just after we got aboard out comes the Captain o' the Port wi' some sogers to 'rest the nigger. Then he turned loose with his knife an' the sogers shot him."

The officer nodded and said: "What became of the other first mate? Did he make trouble?"

"Not in any violent way," answered Mr. Becker with a grin. "Tried to hold his berth, but the Port Capt'n overruled him an' reinstated me. I put him 'fore the mast 'mong the men he'd been hazin'. Reckon that's his yap now. Listen"

From the forecastle came sounds of hoarse, but muffled, denunciatory voices, rising and falling; occasionally a higher note broke in—a quavering, angry voice, which, as they listened, grew louder, and finally dominated the others.

"Seems to be having an interesting time," said the officer dryly

"Yes," answered Mr. Becker, still grinning. "He's among his own breed o' dog, but they've outlawed him Sinful Peck, they call him."

The quavering voice ceased coincidently with a sound as of a bucket striking a bulkhead; there was an outburst of the hoarse tones, and then a little man shot out of the forecastle door, followed by a flying beef bone, which just missed his head and went overboard

"That's him," said Mr. Becker. "That's the only Sinful Peck, the worst little devil for his draft that ever happened. Shot the second mate in the leg outside o' Singapore, an' then nursed him like a son. When I broke my leg he pulled me through. Skipper went overboard on a big sea, an' Sinful went after him. That's why he was taken aft."

"He nursed you, do you say, and saved the captain's life? Yet you reduce him as soon as you get charge?"

"Why not? He shipped 'fore the mast. I don't need him aft."

"Let me see the the ship's papers," said the officer coldly

"I'll get 'em. Not much on 'em, I reckon, as the ship's in ballast"

"Wait," said the officer as Mr. Becker turned to enter the cabin. "That man is coming. I am interested in him."

The little man was marching aft with a businesslike stride, and behind him men were flocking out of the two forecastle doors and watching him. Whatever of anger might have been in his face when forward left it as he approached the mate and the officer. He smiled sweetly, but it was an incongruous, out-of-place sort of smile, considering his other adornments. His bald head was covered with tar, as though he had been crowned with an inverted and full charged tar-bucket, and black, sticky rivulets ran down his cheeks and under his shirt collar. His nose was swollen and bleeding. He worked his lips and spat continually from the intrusion of some grease into his mouth, and there was a perceptible limp to his businesslike stride which spoke of recent contact with something hard and swift.

Mr. Becker scowled as he halted before them, but the officer smiled encouragingly, and said: "You are Mr. *Sinful* Peck, I hear."

"Yes, sir; that's the name I'm known by aboard this hell ship. Mr. Becker," he said to the mate, "will you permit me to speak to this gentleman in your august presence?"

The scowling Mr. Becker made no answer, and Sinful continued: "You are a Government officer, sir?"

"Lieutenant Seward, Sixth Artillery—attached to the Customs."

"I am ex-first mate of this ship. Here is my successor and predecessor, who forgets that I am ex-officio entitled to consideration, and has thrown me to the dogs. I cannot write a letter, as I have no stationery, and know better than to ask for it, but will you kindly inform Captain Jackson of my predicament, sir, when you see him?"

"Most certainly—when he is in condition to hear of it, but I am informed that he is very low—too low to be disturbed"

"Of course—of course, Lieutenant. Only when he is in condition to attend to the matter. I can drag my chain until then, I hope, but in case I fail—what is the penalty for murder under martial law? I am a student of civil and international law, but not of martial. I am a pearl cast before swine. What will happen if I kill a pig or a bucko mate?"

"You will be shot," answered the officer with a smile

"Thank you, sir. I shall remember. Mr. Becker," he said to the mate, "have no fear of me. You are a poor, ignorant man, and you knew no better. I shall not kill you until we get to America."

"Well, I want none o' yer lip," declared Mr. Becker angrily, advancing toward him.

"Steady as you go, sir," answered Sinful, backing away, with hands uplifted. "If you touch me you'll get mussed; and you look fine in that clean shirt, Mr Becker; you ought to wear a clean shirt every day, sir."

"I needn't touch you, —— you" snarled the exasperated officer, springing to the rail and extracting a belaying-pin

Wait said the Lieutenant, blocking his way "You are not going to assault that man for good-humored joking"

"I'll break his head," sputtered Mr. Becker. But he halted

"You will not be permitted. Manila is under martial law which is quick and severe. Men," he said to the two privates, who had remained near the gangway, "your duty will be not only to see that no contraband goods are smuggled out of this ship, but that there is no assault of seamen by officers. If an officer strikes a man except in self-defense put him under arrest and notify me."

Yes, sir," they answered, saluting, and looking hard at Mr. Becker, who put the belaying-pin back and faced Mr. Seward in a white heat.

Yes—that's all right, for the army or the navy," he said, "with the power o' the Government behind you; but how'll a man manage aboard these ships with the crews we get? Here's Mr. Brown here"—the second mate had just come out of the cabin door—"an' me, all alone wi' twenty-five men to handle an' keep at work—every man of 'em ready to mutiny at any time. Look at 'em forrard, there!" he stormily continued; "that baker's dozen by the galley door. See that big tough with the cro' jack eye? That's Big Pig Monahan, the ringleader o' the lot. See that hang-dog mug beside him? That's Seldom Helward, ready for murder at any time. What d'ye think o' men wi' them names! Think them men'll listen to reason?"

"Mr. Becker is right, Lieutenant," said Sinful. "Their names alone condemn them. There are Poop-Deck Cahill, and Turkey Twain, Ghost O'Brien, Gunner Meagher—it would pain you to hear them all, sir. They are town-mates of mine, to my shame and confusion; but Mr. Becker is right; they will not listen to reason. They are dock-rats and river thieves from Cleveland."

"An' you're the worst thief among 'em, I'll bet," growled the mate

"Thank you, sir," answered Sinful, straightening up, a ridiculous figure of mock dignity; "but I cannot argue that with you. I am come aft for relief from the medicine-chest. While saving your leg from amputation I learned of its contents. There is croton oil there, which will assuage the pain in my own leg, where a splinter of bone has been kicked off by a sea boot. May I have the croton oil, sir?"

A little of shame and embarrassment came to the angry face of the mate, and when he observed the questioning gaze of the Lieutenant fixed upon him he said gruffly. "Go ahead."

Sinful limped into the cabin, and in a few minutes returned with a large, flat bottle. He nodded a cheery "good-morning" to the Lieutenant, and was about to pass forward when he saw the "baker's dozen" of men leave their place near the galley, and march aft in a body. There was purpose in their rugged, intelligent faces, though but little index of the turpitude credited them by Sinful and the mate, and they approached as though they had something to say, or do. Sinful halted, and then edged over toward the two soldiers

"Mr. Becker," said the big "ringleader" respectfully, "it isn't quite one bell yet. May we speak to this officer 'fore we turn to?"

The mate nodded a surly consent and the man turned to the Lieutenant

"My name's Monahan, sir——"

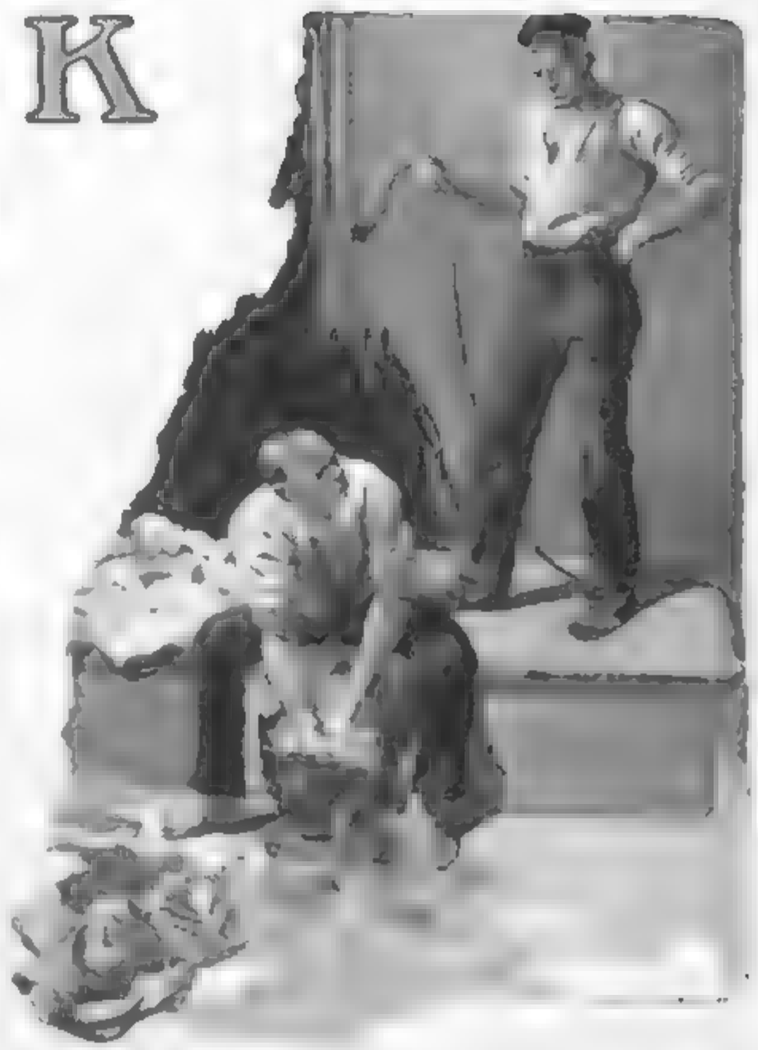
"Big Pig Monahan," interrupted Sinful

"Big Pig it is, my son, but don't interrupt. Can you tell us, sir, if the banks ashore are doing business with the home banks now?"

"No," said the Lieutenant "There's a military government in force, and all foreign business is at a standstill"

"No way, then, sir, by which we can draw money on our home banks? This crowd could bunch issues and buy a fleet of ships like this, but we're helpless, unless we can communicate with our bankers in Cleveland. We merely want our discharge from this ship and can pay for it. But we've signed articles and the skipper refused liberty yesterday. Now he's in the hospital. We want to go home by steamer, not 'fore the mast in a sailing ship. Would an appeal to the Admiral be of use, sir?"

"Decidedly, no. If you signed articles he would not interfere without the Captain's knowledge and consent. And he



BIG PIG MONAHAN STOOD BEHIND HIM ON THE HATCH

is too near death to be troubled. No one can discharge you except your Captain, when he recovers—that is, unless you have cause for complaint worthy of the Provost Court's attention. Have you any grievances?"

"None this side of Singapore, sir—now that the nigger is dead, and we have this little devil 'fore the mast with us. The two mates have just joined, and haven't shown their teeth yet. If they begin, how shall we get a complaint ashore, sir?"

"They will not begin. These two men whom I will leave here will prevent it"

"There'll be no trouble of our starting; we want to keep clean records. But there'll be no way of our knowing just when the skipper can listen to our proposition. Will you be kind enough to put it to him, sir, whenever he gets well enough? Say that we'll make good the pay of thirteen new men for the run home, and that we don't want any money from him—only our discharges. Our interests at home are suffering."

"Do you think he will believe that you can do it?"

"He can make sure by cabling, sir. We had no money for that at Singapore, and we can't get ashore here, and are just as poor. But at home I m a shipowner and master, while there are several here wealthier than I"

"If you are wealthy men," asked the officer, looking at the innocent though dirty face of Sinful, "how do you happen to be here? This man gives you a different standing."

"They're not wealthy, Lieutenant," said Sinful earnestly. "They know every free lunch in Cleveland, but they can't even buy drinks."

"This man," said Big Pig hotly, "is a liar. He made a fool bet a few years back on Bryan's election—which was to make a deep-water voyage if he lost. He made the bet with Seldom—Captain Helward at home—and we all came down to New York to see him off. Just 'fore going aboard he gave us a parting wine supper, drugged us all, and had us shanghaied by the crimp that shipped him."

Mr. Seward laughed and said: "Well, I am to tell the Captain, for Sinful, that he is disrated, and I will also state your proposition as soon as possible. There are plenty of men in port, and I see no reason why he should hold you. But you cannot land in Manila unless in perfect health. The quarantine is very strict, and the slightest symptom of contagious disease will bar you out."

"We're all right, sir," they exclaimed noisily.

One bell tinkled from the cabin clock, and the mate growled: "Turn to and take off the main hatch so that this Inspector o' Customs an' sailors' dry-nurse can look into the hold. I'll get the ship's papers."

The Lieutenant's face flushed as he looked at the retreating figure of the mate, and he said to the two soldiers: "Watch that man carefully, and bring him ashore if he gives you the slightest excuse"

"Yes, sir," answered one, "we will; but how about the men? They seem to be abusing that little fellow.

"The men," said the officer in a musing tone. "Their case is beyond my interference; and the little fellow seems able to take care of himself. But don't let them kill him"

"Something doing now, sir," said the other soldier, looking forward, and the Lieutenant followed his glance. Most of the crew—not yet set at work—were watching Mr Brown and Sinful Peck, who were holding a heated argument near the windlass. Sinful held in one hand a "slush bucket," from which with the other hand he had scooped some grease and plastered the tar on his bald head, his object, of course, being the softening of the tar for easy removal But he was doing it in working hours, and Mr. Brown, who had not heard the Lieutenant's orders forbidding assault, was very

properly incensed. Sinful's voice of protest could not be heard plainly, but Mr. Brown's was loud, profane and emphatic, the burden of his criticism, however, referring as much to Sinful's handiness with a gun as to his bad manners in making his toilette after one bell. As they looked, the second mate's fist shot out and the little man went down, then Mr. Brown began kicking the small victim in the ribs methodically and rhythmically.

"Stop that!" roared the Lieutenant, starting forward. "Arrest that man," he called back to the two privates, and they followed, shipping their bayonets as they ran. Mr. Brown was interrupted by two sharp steel points pressing his sides; then, as he started back, the rifles were crossed between him and his victim.

"Take him over the side and send him ashore to the Provost Marshal General," said Mr. Seward sternly.

"What's this for?" asked the astonished second mate. "Why—why—he shot me—shot me with my own pistol."

"He must have been a poor marksman to hit your leg. Over the side with him, men." And Mr. Brown, expostulating loudly as he went, was marched aft to the main rigging and compelled to climb down to the waiting cascoe.

Sinful scrambled painfully to his feet, and with his nose bleeding afresh, limped after the Lieutenant and asked:

"Can you take me along as prosecuting witness, sir?"

"Not needed in a Provost Court. I am witness enough," said the Lieutenant without halting; and Sinful returned to his toilette. This time he was permitted to finish, even to bandaging his leg.

The Lieutenant reached the gangway and met Mr. Becker with the ship's papers. He examined the papers, peeped down the opened hatches at the ballast in the lower hold, and then, handing back the papers to the mate, turned to the gangway, but halted at the steps and called back:

"I am taking the second mate ashore under arrest for assaulting one of the sailors. If you duplicate his offense you will receive as summary treatment. Men," he said to the soldiers, "you are to see to this."

Then he went over the side, and the soldiers explained what had happened. Mr. Becker climbed to the poop, peered down at his brother officer seated disconsolately on a box surrounded by soldiers, and at the Lieutenant under the awning of the steam launch, which was now making fast to the cascoe; then, mopping his hairy face with his coat sleeve, he came down and looked blankly at the soldiers.

"Well, I'll be hanged," he said. "What am I to do now—alone here with this crew o' men."

"Try treating them decently," answered one. Such work would spoil the best company in the army. You heard our orders? Well, we'll carry them out."

Mr. Becker did not answer. And whether he was more oppressed by his isolation among unfriendly men or by the menace of martial law could not be surmised by his new attitude toward the crew; for he became a model merchant officer, quiet, dignified and civil-spoken, and on that afternoon kept them at light, easy tasks, calculated to win the regard of the most mutinous of sailors. Even was he kind to Sinful Peck, which so emboldened the little man that when work was done for the day he came aft and requested—the ship being in port—free access to the fresh water tanks for the men he had been thrown among.

"Guess yer talkin' for yerself more'n them, aren't you?" said the mate.

"For myself entirely, sir," answered Sinful. "The weather is warm and the forecastle poorly ventilated. Some are complaining of prickly heat, and it may be the itch. Perhaps they would wash if the example were set."

"You need a bath yerself. Go ahead and set the example."

Salt slush, though an excellent solvent for sticky tar, is not a cosmetic of the first order, and Sinful's appearance really attested his own urgent need of what he prescribed for the others. The mate ordered the carpenter to unlock the deck tanks and sent a case of soap forward by the steward—a benefaction so unprecedented that the men openly debited their shares on the slop-chest account. But the gift was acceptable, and for half an hour in the gathering darkness the forward deck was a natatorium. Then it became a laundry, and until far into the night men washed, rinsed and hung up shirts and underwear to dry in the rigging.

But the soldier on watch noticed that Sinful Peck was the only one of the fourteen men from Cleveland who washed clothes. The others had gone below after their bath, and when he called his comrade at midnight to relieve him he reported that Sinful was still at it.

The sleepy soldier strolled forward. Sinful was sitting on the forehatch beside a large pile of damp clothes, with a bucket between his knees, industriously washing away. Big Pig Monahan stood behind him on the hatch, twirling in his hand a piece of rope, and as the soldier drew near he said:

"It pains me, my son, to rope's-end you; but you've got to finish the crowd's wash, and we're giving you three nights to do it. By the time you've rinsed out that pile it'll be two bells, and you can turn in; and to-morrow night you go on with more, but every man on anchor watch gets this rope with instructions to use it if you shirk. Now I'll call Seldom. You'd better not monkey with him."

Big Pig entered the forecastle, and the soldier said to Sinful: "This seems to be compulsory; but we're ordered not to interfere between you men. I can't help you."

"Compulsory?" answered Sinful, peering up into the soldier's face with a ghastly smile on his own. "Not at all. It's a labor of love—and self-protection. It's painful to watch them scratch, and I'd hate to catch the itch. They call it prickly heat, but it's the itch. They caught it loafing 'round Singapore. It's contagious, and they can't be discharged with a contagious disease. And as they're too lazy to wash their clothes, I'm doing it for them."

"Guess you wouldn't be sorry to see 'em discharged," laughed the soldier.

"Oh, yes, I would. I love 'em, bad as they are; but I hate to see them down with the itch."

He wrung out the last garment and dumped the bucket on deck; then he began filling a large tub with rinsing water, and the soldier went aft.

In the morning Mr. Becker, not caring to hoist over one of the ship's boats with a disaffected crew aboard, hailed the passing dinghy of another ship and went ashore. He returned at noon with business in his face, and when he sang out "Turn to" at one bell, as cleanly a crew as ever manned a rope answered the call and, at his behest, began rigging cargo whips. Ballast was to be discharged, he informed the bosuns, and a cargo of sugar and hemp taken in for Shanghai. The Captain, on his sick bed, had arranged the charter, and as it would take a month to load he hoped to be well in time to sail.

Scant comfort for the homesick and well-doing men. Mr. Becker was not their ambassador; neither had he brought word from Mr. Seward. And to add to their troubles, something seemed to be the matter with them. Three came aft at nightfall and asked the steward for saleratus, as a remedy for prickly heat. The steward obliged them with a small package, but at breakfast time next morning, when seven others came aft with the same request, he was obliged to refuse. He had none to spare, and suggested that they eat less and drink less water in such a hot climate. The refusal was not of great moment, as the first three complained that it had not relieved the itching and burning sensation which afflicted them from head to foot; but at noon, when the whole thirteen came aft and bared their chests to the mate, exposing an angry red rash, and officially appealed to him for relief from the medicine-chest, the matter looked serious. They were in torment, they said, and thirteen men in torment is a serious proposition on board ship. Mr. Becker disclaimed knowledge of medicine-chests, and sent for Sinful Peck. The little man, clean and sweet and smiling, came aft and prescribed flower of sulphur, applied dry.

"For it's nothing but the itch," he said, "which they must have contracted while sleeping in the dog-kennels at Singapore. Yes, I'll stake my professional reputation that it is the itch."

There being none to contradict a man with a professional reputation, the sulphur was taken forward and applied; and their heavy breathing and suppressed groans half an hour later as the irritant ate into their several skins brought encouraging words from Sinful and a fraternal pity to his face.

"It's only because it's taking hold, boys," he said to them. "It'll be all right by supper-time. You've been pretty severe on me, but I tell you I'm sorry for you."

"Sorry, you little devil!" said Seldom Helward. "I believe you've made it worse." But Sinful earnestly maintained the correctness of his diagnosis.

They turned to at one bell and worked for an hour; then they mutinously quit their tasks, stripped, and washed off the sulphur. A change of underwear followed, and for a while they felt better; but at supper-time the itching and burning had returned. They were not polite in their remarks to Sinful, and that evening he had twenty-six socks and twenty-six pieces of underwear added to his wash-list. Smiling cheerfully in the darkness he set to work.

In the morning the soldiers on guard would have reported the matter to the Health Officer ashore, but as they were all at work and the disease showed no signs of spreading, Mr. Becker, with the assistance of Sinful, overruled them.

So, while the miserable days of waiting for the Captain's recovery and their prospective release wore along, they were kept at light tasks about the deck, the heavier cargo work being done by natives from ashore. Sinful advised the suffering men not to bathe so frequently, as water was bad for the itch, or any cutaneous affection; but, finding invariably a temporary relief after a bath and change of clothing, and ascribing his suggestion to an interested motive, they continued the practice, and kept him busy each night at the washtub.

"THEY'RE NOT WEALTHY, LIEUTENANT," SAID SINFUL EARNESTLY

The nightly labor and loss of sleep may have told upon his self-control. He came aft one morning when the ship was loaded, and showed his hands and wrists to the mate and the soldier on guard. He angrily demanded to be taken out of the forecastle; he had caught the contagion from fools who would not follow his advice. And he had not shipped to work on deck all day for the owners and half the night as wash-woman for the crew.

He was too insolent, and Mr. Becker promptly knocked him down; but the next moment the mate felt the prick of the soldier's bayonet.

"Just what I've been waiting for, you inhuman brute," said the soldier. "Now you'll go ashore under arrest, and we'll have medical relief for these men."

The mate paled, but said nothing; and as the disfigured Sinful crept forward, the soldier roused his comrade, hailed a passing Government steam launch, and had Mr. Becker into it before the men forward knew what had happened.

But in the middle of the afternoon Mr. Becker came back, in the same steam launch that had originally brought the Inspector of Customs, and with him were not only Mr. Brown, but a gaunt, hollow-eyed spectre whom the crew with difficulty recognized as Captain Jackson, master of the ship, and also a uniformed officer with the insignia of a surgeon on his collar. They helped the Captain up the gangway and seated him in a deck-chair; then Mr. Becker called for Sinful Peck to come aft. Sinful came.

"I didn't know you were disrated, Peck," said the Captain weakly. "I had a relapse after I chartered the ship, and Lieutenant Seward, whom you depended upon to tell me, was sent inland. He has just returned. Mr Becker and Mr Brown are fined a good portion of their pay by the Provost Court, and I hope there will be no more trouble. Get your dunnage into the third mate's room, and send your thirteen friends aft to me."

"Thank you, sir," said Sinful with his sweetest smile, and went forward. Then came the thirteen sufferers and stood before the Captain.

"I am a very sick man," said he; "too sick to care for any more trouble with my crew for a while. I have cleared for Shanghai, and there is nothing to settle but your case. The mate informs me that you have behaved well, are anxious to be discharged, and are willing to pay for it. I would not take your money, and as there are plenty of men ashore, will discharge you if the Health Officer will permit. But I hear you are down with some contagion."

They showed him their breasts and arms, and the surgeon drew near

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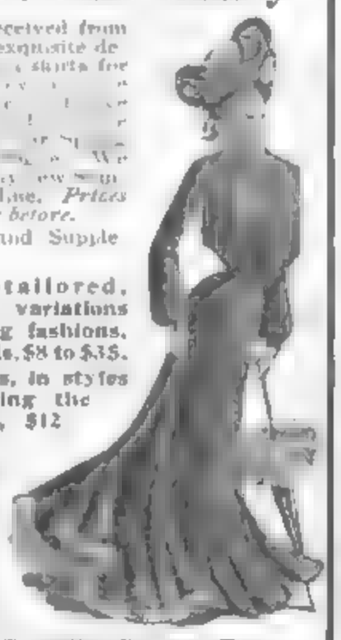

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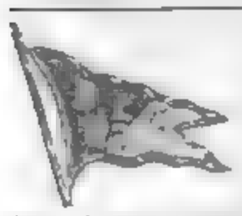

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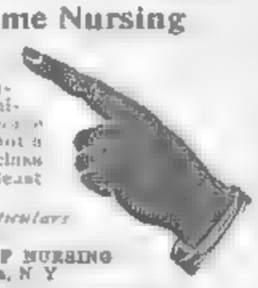

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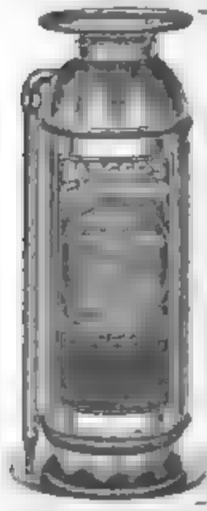

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"Don't know what it is, Capt'n," said Big Pig, "unless it's prickly heat. That isn't contagious."

Peck swears it's the itch," said the mate, who had joined the group.

"It is not that," said the surgeon. "We are all too familiar with that ashore to fear it, or to bar it out as a contagion. I don't know what it is. Such an aggravated rash, so similar on so many men, never came into my experience."

"But it *is* contagious, sir," said Sinful—who had returned—dropping his dunnage to the deck and displaying his inflamed wrists.

"They've made me wash their clothes for a month, and this morning I found this eruption."

"They cannot land, Captain," said the surgeon. "The rules are very strict, with so many unacclimated soldiers on the island. You must take them to sea."

"Very well. You hear, men? You must make the best of it, and"—he sank back with a sigh—"so must I."

With desperation in their woebegone faces they slowly moved forward.

Next day as the ship was passing Cavite on the way out to sea, Captain Jackson called his newly-installed third mate up to him.

"Mr. Peck," he said, "you are a shrewd man and a physician. What is the matter with those men?"

Sinful looked him gravely in the face.

"They'll murder me, Captain, if they ever find out; but it's nothing that water and soap won't remedy. Let them wash their own clothes and rinse them well. As long as they made me wash them I dosed the rinsing water with croton oil."

Carlyle and Cheyne Row—By W. S. Harwood

IT IS quite like wandering through a gallery of ghosts—great ghosts, some of them—to stroll through the roomy old building at No. 24 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London. There are no greater names in the calendar of the century than the names of those who, either in person or through affectionate remembrances of one kind and another, have been represented in this building, for forty-seven years the home of Thomas Carlyle.

But there are other bodies, not so like the shades of the past, which frequent the place now. For example, I examined the register of the house where visitors write their names if they feel so inclined, and I found that during the month of August, 1899, about three hundred people had worshiped at the shrine of the Sage of Chelsea. Naturally, an American would be interested in knowing how many of these visitors were from his own country. The register disclosed the fact that one hundred and forty-two Americans visited the house in that month as against ninety-nine Englishmen. And the ruddy-cheeked caretaker goes so far as to say that, but for the Americans, the place would fare ill. They come to visit the home of Carlyle in large numbers, they buy liberally of catalogues and the special editions of some of his works on sale; and, more than that, they contribute liberally by money payments to the maintenance of the house.

Indeed, from the time the first movement was made to preserve this historic place, Americans, either in London or at home, took an important part. The resident American Ambassador is always a member of the Carlyle's House Memorial Trust; Mr. Wm. H. Forbes, of Boston, is also a member; Mr. Poultney Bigelow headed the first Executive Committee appointed to take steps toward the establishment of a fund for the purchase of the house, upon which committee was also Mr. George W. Smalley, the well known correspondent. Mr. Samuel Elliott, of New York City, took an important part in the organization of the American Committee of which Bishop Henry C. Potter was chairman, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan treasurer, Mr. Phillips Smalley secretary, and Mr. Elliot chairman of the Executive Committee. Later, the Executive Committee in charge of the raising of American funds for the purchase consisted of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University, Mr. Horace Russell, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, and Mr. Elliott.

So it has come about that Americans have had no inferior part in preserving this memorial of one of the gigantic figures of the century.

Along the Thames Embankment, near the Carlyle house, lies a little park known as the Chelsea Embankment Gardens. Here where Carlyle loved to wander in his sad and sombre way a statue has been placed, done by the German sculptor Boehm, I believe.

When this statue was dedicated, October 26, 1882, but a year after Carlyle's death, Mr. John Tyndall closed the oration pronounced upon the occasion with some words having a particular American interest.

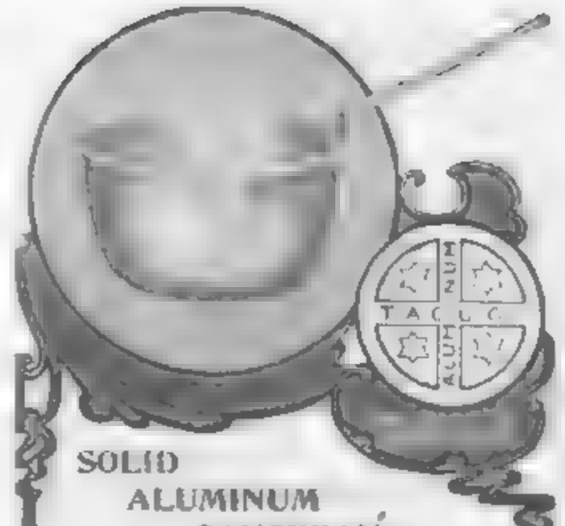
"It now becomes my duty," he said, "to unveil and present to the British public and to the strong race within our gates who can appreciate greatness, the statue of a great man. Might I append to these brief remarks the expression of a wish, personal, perhaps, in its warmth but more than personal in its aim, that somewhere upon this Thames Embankment could be raised a companion memorial to a man who loved a hero and was by him beloved to the end. I refer to the loftiest, purest and most penetrating spirit that has ever shone in American literature, to Ralph Waldo Emerson."

CARLYLE'S HOME IN CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, SHOWING MARBLE MEDALLION IN WALL

The house where Carlyle passed the greater portion of his literary life has many articles of interest and pictures without number. Speaking of pictures, it is a curious fact as I demonstrated by enumeration, that a man so violent in all opposition to sham and to what we are wont to call *pose*, should have had thirty-three different photographs taken of himself, to say nothing of sketches and paintings.

The room which Emerson occupied while visiting Carlyle is now the home of the caretaker of the building, a bright, cheery room facing on Cheyne Row. Down in the basement kitchen is the great range in front of which Tennyson and Carlyle, so the story goes, were in the habit of settling great problems of the race between long whiffs at their pipes. The drawing-room, where Carlyle solved the last mystery of his strangely mysterious life, naturally is one of the most interesting rooms in the house. His attic study, too, is specially interesting, where he built himself a room which was, so he hoped to be free from the irritating noises of London; "a top story," as he wrote to his sister in 1853, "one big apartment twenty feet square, ... into which no sound *can* come; and all the cocks in Nature may crow around it without my hearing whisper of them."

Carlyle and his wife began their life in this building in 1834, not intending it should be their permanent home; but neither one left it for good until it was time for the kirkyard.



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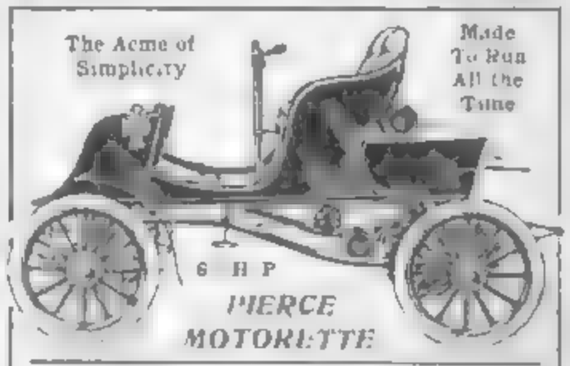

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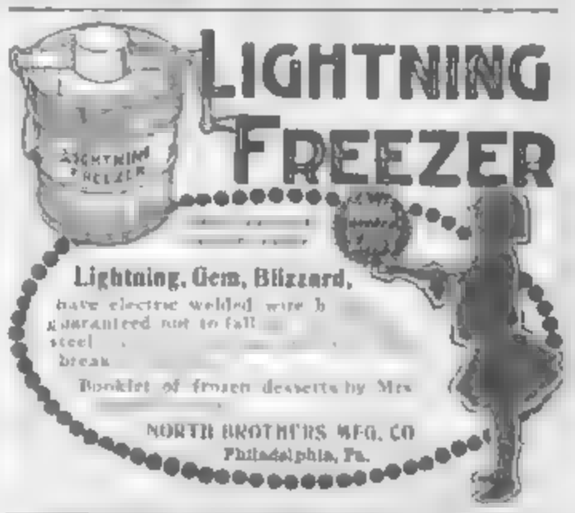

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MARSHALL FIELD

By Forrest Crissey

A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE GREAT CHICAGO MERCHANT —HIS BUSINESS PRINCIPLES AND HIS PERSONAL HABITS

MARSHALL FIELD is the most guessed-at, the least understood of all the commanding figures now dominating American commercial life. More than this, he is the world's greatest merchant—at least in the technical and restricted sense of the term.

Just now Chicago is looking for large things from Mr. Field, in the shape of a home and an endowment for the greatest museum of natural history in the world.

What will be the proportions of Mr. Field's gift, provided all obstacles to its location on the site especially pleasing to the great merchant are at once removed, is not known even to his most intimate associates. This is thoroughly characteristic of the man. To an extent seldom practiced he "keeps his own key and counsel." He feels that it is enough to say that if an acceptable location on the Lake Front is provided he will build and endow the kind of museum with which he would like his name to be associated in the minds of future Chicagoans. And the Chicagoans of the present are quite willing to take this statement at its greatest possible meaning, because it is made by Marshall Field.

This is very largely because Mr. Field is neither an amateur nor a professional philanthropist. He does not play at being beneficent, nor does he make a business of it. Above all things Mr. Field despises sham and pretense. He does not pretend to interests which he does not feel and he detests anything that resembles posing.

Perhaps it is because he pretends to so little in the line of public philanthropy and gives so much on the plain basis of business that Chicago is ready to accept his simple assurance in so important a matter as the future of the museum without the naming of any definite sum.

His Work His Monument

The solidity, the dignity and the rectitude of the man as they are recognized by his fellow-townsmen are Mr. Field's real monument. He has given to the business of merchandizing a standard that will more effectively commemorate his character than any museum possibly can.

This does not imply that Mr. Field is beloved by the people generally of Chicago. He is not—perhaps because he is in person comparatively a stranger to the mass of them and has never assumed to be devoted to public affairs. He has attended strictly to his own business and has asked nothing more of his fellow-citizens than to be allowed this unobtrusive privilege. But in the place of that sentiment which an ambitious man who is either great or clever sometimes wins from the community, Marshall Field has inspired a universal respect and admiration that even his frank exclusiveness and his reserve cannot chill.

Why has he not mingled more in general society and in public affairs? The answer is a very simple one: He dislikes publicity for himself, and prefers a simple, quiet life. He has also been too busy. This sounds very selfish; but a just view of the situation does not make Mr. Field's personal neglect of these matters appear more selfish than the conduct of many men of great wealth who have contrived incidentally to cut a large figure in public affairs. When his fortune was in the making—and his life-habits, too—the weight of responsibilities and the burden of executive details which demanded his personal attention were so great and so exacting that he had not a moment for anything beyond the "fierce race for wealth." Not that he kept his eye upon this goal or "set his stake" at so many millions, but he was deep in the great game of commerce and of fortune-building; others were depending upon him, more than he upon them; he had undertaken and must fulfil. And before he was able to look up from his desk and feel that he had time to spare for anything that he chose, his hair had whitened and the power to choose anything but the great game of affairs had gone with the years of his young and his middle manhood. The private duty nearest at hand had been admirably fulfilled, there had not been time for more, and now he is sixty-eight years old and still actively in the harness!

Few things annoy Mr. Field more than newspaper guesses upon the size of his fortune or of his holdings in certain lines of investment. On this point it is sufficient to say that his fortune is among the largest in America—probably there are not a half-dozen wealthier individuals in this country. As a merchant only he does an annual business of more than sixty million dollars; the general public never thinks of him as a railroad man, and yet he is one of the heaviest owners of railroad securities in the United States; his mining and manufacturing interests are little short of colossal, he is a powerful factor in several large banking and financial institutions; he is one of the most extensive owners of Chicago "downtown" real estate; he is the controlling spirit of the great Pullman Company.

His Puritan Instincts and Ideals

Speculation, even of the most conservative kind, has been entirely barred from his methods, and his wealth does not represent corresponding losses on the part of others. All that he has done in the building of his own fortune has been so much solid constructive work for the material interests of his community and of commerce in general. Conservatism, industry, application, clean methods and high commercial standards all stand out in Mr. Field's life in so conspicuous a degree that the pulpit might well look to his life for an object lesson with which to illuminate any of the elemental human virtues, but usually it has inclined to go for this purpose to the careers of men of more magnetic temperament and of larger profession.

Those of Marshall Field's early friends who have faced financial difficulties in later years and those who belong to the elect group having familiar entrance to his home are the only ones who know the warmth of humanity hid behind his cold, polished exterior. His powerful help has always been at the command of his old friends; it has often turned disaster into triumph for them and put generous fortunes into their hands. His loyalty to the men for whom he formed an early fondness is clearly a pronounced characteristic. Not many of them are now living, but such of them as remain may be found at the round table in the dining-room of the Chicago Club, where Mr. Field takes his luncheon. Though he is simple and democratic—scrupulously and conscientiously so!—he does not especially invite intimacy nor cultivate the social acquaintance of young men, but few men of large affairs keep closer watch on the young men who are doing things than he. He prefers the company of the old and seasoned friends whose discretion he can trust, and with whom he can speak without restraint. With them he is social and genial, and they uniformly speak of him as modest, unassuming and fair-minded, with a keen sense of justice, a firm belief in doing right because it is right, and a distinct inclination to have his individual purposes and objects square with the interests of the community.

His Puritan blood and principles show in the general poise and rectitude of his character, but especially in the repressions to which he subjects himself. The typical English squire or the Blue-Grass planter does not like a fine horse better than Mr. Field, and he has been known to confess that if his New England blood did not rise in spleen against the unsavory associations of the turf he might have maintained a stable of the highest standard.

Though Mr. Field has an instinctive and pronounced dread of the newspaper reporter and seldom yields to the importunities of the interviewer, there are few subjects about which he displays as much curiosity as the modern newspaper and its management. Those who understand the fascination which the newspaper has for the great merchant are inclined to think that along with a stable of thoroughbred horses Mr. Field has also sacrificed to his Puritan ideals and instincts the pleasure of owning a great metropolitan newspaper.

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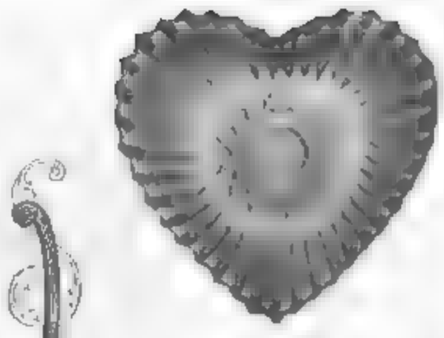

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The Missing Link

BY W. L. ALDEN

"HIS HAND WAS LIKE A STEAM ENGINE"

IF WE could only find the Missing Link said the Professor, "there would be an end to all doubt as to the theory of development. My own idea is that some day he will be found."

"Wasn't there an expedition in search of the Missing Link a few years ago?" asked young Horton. "If I remember rightly, the expedition went to Borneo, or some such place, and never returned."

"Precisely so," replied the Professor. "I fancy that the whole affair was grossly mismanaged, for the man at the head of the expedition was certainly not the man for the place."

We were sitting in the smoking-room of a hotel at Dover—a company of weather bound travelers, waiting for the storm to abate sufficiently to permit the Calais steamer to leave the shelter of the breakwater. There were perhaps a dozen of us all told, but the Professor, as we called him, rather monopolized the conversation, which for some time had been devoted to the Darwinian theory.

Suddenly an American, who had something of the look of the merchant sailor about him, took his cigar from his mouth and remarked: "Finding the Missing Link is all right. But having the Link find you mightn't be altogether satisfactory."

"I do not quite understand you," said the Professor rather stiffly.

"Oh, I ain't giving out any conundrums. I said that having the Link find you might not suit you all the way down to the ground. I'm speaking, sir, *from experience*, for I was once found by that identical Missing Link that you are so anxious to see, and the experience was a mighty curious one. If you want to hear it I'll give you the yarn."

Several of us replied that we should be glad to hear the sailor's story, and without any further delay he launched into it.

"About six years ago I was at Singapore, and I don't mind saying that I was on the beach—if you know what that means. I had shipped as A. B. aboard a big, four-masted ship out of Newcastle, bound to Shanghai, and I got disgusted with the grub and the way in which I and the rest of the men were treated. So when we put into Singapore for water I deserted, and kept shady till the ship had sailed. I found out afterward that I should have done better if I had stuck to the ship, for after waiting pretty near five weeks in Singapore, and not being able to get a ship, I was kicked out by the boarding-house keeper, and had to sleep in the open and live on food that I could beg from the natives.

"Well, one day there came to Singapore a scientific chap by the name of Butler, and my idea is that he was the identical chap that the Professor was speaking of just now. He was going into the interior to hunt for a new style of monkey that he called the Missing Link, and he was glad to find a white man who would join him. I needn't say that I was glad to go with him, for it meant food and the half of a tent and twenty dollars a month to me. I was the only white man in the expedition besides Butler. We had three Malays with us, who were to carry our provisions and things, and act as a sort of guard, and the five of us calculated to travel across the peninsula, heading in a northwesterly direction, and coming out on the opposite coast.

"We started in good spirits, but I'm free to say that if any man who knew anything about expeditions in the jungle had seen us, and expressed his opinion, he would have said that we were a set of—well, everlasting fools! We were armed all right, for every man had a rifle, and Butler had a spare shotgun besides. And we had plenty of ammunition—about enough, as I judged, to supply a small army for a six months' campaign. But in the matter of food we were on short rations from the first. Butler calculated that we should find all the game we wanted. We didn't take any water except about a pint for each man in a water-bottle, and there was only a pint of brandy, Butler being a teetotaler.

"We had bad luck from the very first. The jungle was that thick that you couldn't force your way through it, except with an ax, and we didn't see much game, but we managed to get enough to keep us from starving, though as a general thing we were pretty hungry. About the tenth day, as near as I could reckon, one of the Malays was gathered in by a tiger. Three days later the two other Malays bolted in the night, taking their rifles with them. This left Butler and me alone, but he wasn't a bit discouraged. We filled our pockets with cartridges, and left the rest of our outfit behind us. We marched along pretty steady during the morning and evening, but we had to halt during the middle of the day on account of the heat. We couldn't make a fire, except once in a long while, for we had brought but a few boxes of matches, and we couldn't afford to run through them. Of course, we had to take watch and watch at night, but with the exception of the tiger that carried off the Malay, hardly any animal came near us. I suppose the jungle was too thick to be a handy place for big game, but it suited the small fellows and the snakes. I never saw such a place for snakes of all sizes and colors, but Butler said most of them were harmless.

"We'd been marching through that jungle for more than a fortnight when Butler was bitten by a harmless snake and died in six hours. He was a brave man, and he died as coolly as if he was going to sleep. There was nothing I could do for him, for we hadn't any medicine for snake bites, and if he had been loaded down with it I don't believe it could have saved him. I got him to take some brandy, but he wouldn't take enough to do him any real good. He talked sensibly with me, though he was suffering a lot of pain. He told me to take his compass and steer northeast till I came to the coast, where

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I should stand a chance of finding a settlement. He left me all his money, which was about three hundred dollars in gold, and urged me to keep my weather eye lifting for the Missing Link, and if possible to capture him and take him down to the coast with me.

"He and I had never been pals, for I was just a salorman hired to work for him, but when he died and I was left alone in the jungle I felt as you feel on a bright, breezy day when the sun suddenly goes under a thick cloud, and the sea turns gray, and the wind begins to moan in the rigging. All that day I tramped along, getting hungry and tired, and not meeting any game that I could shoot; and when night came I lay down, wishing that I was back at Singapore starving among human beings in what you might call a social sort of way.

"When I woke up it was daylight, and what at first I thought was an enormous monkey was standing over me on his hind legs with my gun in his hand. I jumped up pretty lively, but he had me by the scruff of the neck by the time I was on my feet. His hand was like a steam engine. I could fairly feel his fingers sinking into the flesh. However, I didn't say anything, or even try to twist myself loose. He had me, and the only thing I could do was to wait and see what would turn up.

We started along the narrow path, I in front and he behind, shoving me along with his grip on my neck. The only part of him I could see was his feet, that now and then came into sight when he took a long step. I noticed that they were like hands. They had fingers instead of toes, and a regular thumb in the place where a man's big toe is placed.

"All of a sudden it came to me that this was Butler's Missing Link. I had often heard him say that the Link would be covered with hair, and would probably have feet something like hands.

"In about half an hour, as I should judge, we left the path and, pushing our way through the jungle where the undergrowth was thinner than usual, we came to a little clearing, where there was a hut built of young saplings, driven into the ground and lashed together at the top with vines. We stopped outside of the hut and the Link sang out in his lingo, and presently there came out of the hut another Link—a female, as I supposed. The two chattered about me, the male showing me and my gun, and they evidently agreeing that I was a valuable specimen. Finally the male Link stood me up against a tree, and made me fast to it with a rope of twisted tendrils, and then, picking up a big club, went into the forest.

I need not say that I was pretty badly scared. Without my gun I was helpless, and there didn't seem to be much chance that I should get hold of it again. I couldn't get my hands free, for the Link had lashed them to the tree with the judgment of an able seaman. I imagined, from his having taken his club with him, that he had gone in search of game, which looked as if he and his mate didn't consider me to be good eating. You needn't remind me that monkeys don't eat meat. I knew that, and thought of it at the time, but a Missing Link has risen above the monkey species so far that I thought it very probable that he might have learned to eat his cousin man, as well as other sorts of meat.

"The female Link sat on the ground about two yards from me, looking at me with what I fancied was a rather admiring expression in her eyes. Says I to myself: 'You're in a mighty tight place, and your only chance is to make friends with these Links.' So I smiled my best smile and said to the Link: 'Glad to make your acquaintance, my dear!' It fetched her the first time. She couldn't smile, for her mouth wasn't built for it, but she chuckled in a way that showed she was pleased, and then she came over to me and patted me on the cheek. I kept on smiling for all I was worth, and talking to her in a friendly and respectful way. Of course, I knew that she couldn't understand a word I said, but I calculated that, being a female, she would understand that I was paying her compliments, and that I was full of respect for her character. A woman is a woman even when she is a Link, and I didn't make any mistake about this one.

By and by the other Link came back with a dead rabbit, and the two sat down to breakfast. They evidently didn't know anything about fire, for they ate the rabbit raw, pulling it to pieces with their hands and teeth. Presently the female Link tossed me over a choice bit, and when I looked reproachfully at her, as if to say: 'How on earth do you expect me to eat with my hands tied behind my back?' she said something to the male and then came and cast off the lashing. I didn't lose any time in sitting down and smiling at them both, while I ate raw rabbit as if it was plum duff. They were a good tempered lot, and before I had got through with breakfast they had plainly made up their minds that I was an intelligent and harmless animal, and that they'd take me in and make a sort of domestic pet of me.

"I don't propose to read off a regular log of every hour I spent with the Links. I was with them close on to four weeks, and they treated me civilly all the time. At night I slept in the hut with them, and they gave me a pile of leaves for a bed that was twice as thick as the beds they used for themselves. The male Link wouldn't let me go into the forest either alone or with him, but that was about all the restriction that he put upon me. He was gone on the hunt for game most of the day, and I stopped at home. That the Links had a genuine language I never had the least doubt, though I could never get to understand more than three or four words of it, and those I have forgotten. It sounded to me something like French, though I don't really know much about French, and perhaps the reason why I fancied it sounded like French was that somehow a man always associates French with monkeys. The female Link and I talked a lot to one another, and it seemed to do her good, though I could never exactly see why.

"I did considerable work for the Links first and last. I improved on the nest they had built, but they regarded it as the swellest palace ever built. I made forks for them out of big thorns, and I was tempted to show them my matches and teach them the use of fire. But I had only a small box of matches left, and I knew that if ever I escaped from the Links I should need them myself the worst way. They never discovered them, for they never dreamed that I had pockets. Their idea was that my clothes were permanent, just like their fur, and as I never took them off while I was with them they never suspected that I wasn't born in a blue flannel suit and biggest trousers. Why, the female Link mistook a hole in the left leg of my trousers for some new kind of sore, and one day she insisted on rubbing it with some patent salve that she got out of a sort of gum tree. They saw very soon that raw meat didn't altogether meet my views, and after that they always brought me nuts and a sort of wild turnip. I say these Links by and large they treated me the best they knew how, and in my opinion the male Link was more of a gentleman than half the men in Singapore, though I'll allow that that isn't saying very much.

"As for the female Link, I don't deny that she made a dead set at me. Mind, I'm not saying a word against her character, for as far as I know she was a perfectly respectable Link. All I mean is that she took a great fancy to me, and tried to make me take the same to her, for which nobody could blame her. She used to pick out the best bones and the biggest nuts for me, and she never got tired of patting me on the head.

"All the time I kept longing for my gun, which the Links had hid in some place where I couldn't find it. I don't know what they thought of the gun, or why they hid it. Perhaps their idea was that it wasn't respectable for a Link to be seen in possession of such a thing, just as an Englishman, when he goes to Italy, thinks that it is preposterous in the Italians to wear cloaks. I often made signs that I wanted the gun, and one day she got up and went into the jungle, and in a few minutes she came back and handed me the gun.

"I hid it under my bed, a plan which she evidently approved of, and that made me understand that she had run some risk of displeasing the other Link by sneaking the gun. That night, when the two Links were sound asleep, I reached for the gun and slipped out of the hut. I hated to leave them without saying good-by, but of course that wasn't possible. However, I did leave on the side of the female's bed a little bit of a looking glass that I had carried in my pocket, and I hope it reconciled her to my loss.

I ran the most of that night, and must have put fifteen miles between myself and the Links by daylight. Then I lay down for a nap, and when I got up and started on the march again I caught sight of something blue showing through the jungle. I had found the sea after all, and by noon I was safe aboard a country ship that I sighted close into shore, and swam to, taking the chances that it was an honest ship and not a pirate.

Now, gentlemen, you may not believe this story, but it's the solemn truth. The Missing Link lives somewhere in the northeast part of the peninsula, and though I can't exactly say that I found him, I'm dead certain that he found me."

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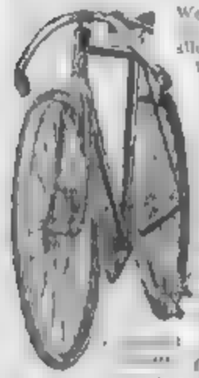
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Literary Folk
Their Ways and Their Work

A CLOSE CALL — Mr. Thompson Seton just missed calling down the judgment of the gods, and doesn't know it yet.

¶ Apropos of the very unloverlike way in which the Nature Lovers are handling each other, Mr. W. A. Fraser, who has done something in the way of Nature study himself, tells an amusing story of Mr. Kipling, Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton and himself. For three of them were taking dinner together at a New York club. With many anecdotes and some talk of shop the dinner was wearing to a close.

"Fraser," said Mr. Kipling, "have the goodness to pass me the bread."

Mr. Fraser passed the bread and watched Mr. Kipling cut the topmost slice into three parts and sprinkle them with salt. Mr. Seton Thompson (he was Seton Thompson then) was given one piece and Mr. Fraser a second; the third Mr. Kipling kept for himself. Mr. Fraser, of course, said nothing. Mr. Kipling chose to say nothing, and Mr. Seton Thompson was apparently too absorbed in his own story of the particular moment to notice that he had broken bread and eaten salt, in the letter as well as the spirit of the word, with his companions at table.

"I think," said Mr. Fraser afterward, "you weren't quite open with Thompson. You know he hadn't the faintest idea what he was doing in eating that bread and salt; and now, if he should ever come out against you, he'd be damned beyond redemption by all the laws of the Prophets."

"What better could I ask?" retorted Mr. Kipling. "I have *you* pledged to neutrality, and the other man sure to get his just deserts."

TWO NEWCOMERS who have done well and the reason why. A prophecy of success for Mr. Bell's Wee MacGregor.

¶ The critic who holds up his outturned palms to the popular success is no critic. Every reader is a critic in his own right, and no critic can be more than one reader at a time. It is the business of the critic to look into the popular success, to find the reason for it. He is not likely in the attempt to engender one popular success the more, but he can aid many fellow-readers to a better understanding of their enjoyment, to a more thorough sifting of their sensations, to a greater certitude of what they liked in David Harum when next they meet with it in Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, and Lovey Mary, her successor—and so perhaps indirectly, they may be of service to the author himself. The critic may be perfectly certain when he lifts his hands against the popular success which he "does not understand," which he "cannot see," that there he hits it—that in deed and in truth he *does* not see, he *does* not understand, that the fault is in him, not the book. It will not do, like the learned gentlemen who proved by all the laws of physics that a baseball cannot be thrown to describe a curve in its flight, to explain the fact by denying it; some day will come the man who can tell why. It can be taken for granted that behind every "big seller" there is a "reason why." It will not be purely a business reason—the dishonest advertiser only makes known his own knavery; it may not be a literary reason, but it will surely be a reason of excellence in one kind or another.

David Harum succeeded, with all its crudities of construction and tedious sentimentality, because of the native worth in the character of David—he stood out; you could get hold of him. Mrs. Wiggs refreshed and delighted a world always ready for the cheery, the heartsome, the genuine word. There again you had the native sense, the gift of phrase, the kindly heart. (Mrs. Atherton hit it exactly right when she nicknamed the book Mrs. Harum of the Cabbage Patch.) Lovey Mary, which followed, will owe its sale more to the motherly Mrs. Wiggs than to Mary herself. Mary is true enough and her pathetic story is naturally enough told, with the proper lightening of the clouds at the end of her dark days—but it is not the story in these books that counts, nor the drama. It is the shrewd comment on life and Mary, who is younger, has less to say than Mrs. Wiggs. Another book which belongs fairly in the same class with Mrs. Wiggs is the Wee MacGregor. Mr. Bell, the author, like Mrs. Rice, is a newcomer; like

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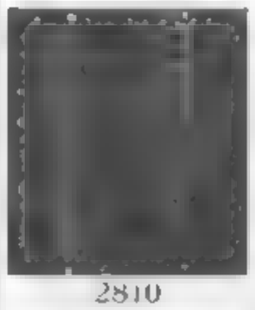
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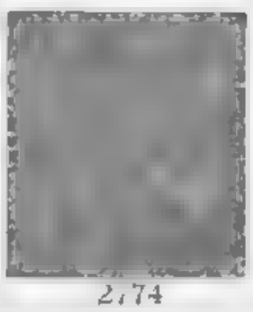
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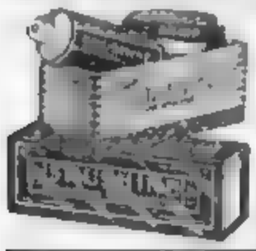

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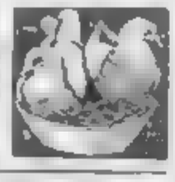

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her, he has to do with very plain people, like her, he relies very little on narrative or dramatic interest, but wholly on human sympathy. His book is a series of fifteen short stories which, it is understood, first appeared in a local Scottish newspaper and later, when collected, found no market with the publisher. When the author brought them out himself, however, they found a very large market with the readers, and in spite of the fact that short stories are not popular, that dialect stories labor under an inherent disadvantage with a public which does not wish to dig in a glossary [illegible] for its amusement, and that Mr. [illegible] dialect is a particularly difficult dialect, the Wee MacGregor stories are bound to [illegible] all these hindrances, in America as they did in England. They have to do wholly with Wee MacGregor himself, his father and mother, his grandfather and his aunt. They are simple; they keep always their purpose clearly in mind and in the reader's mind, they have a delicate sense of humor and a light touch of pathos, and they have a profound understanding of the heart of childhood.

It is in this sense and in no surface sense of finish that they are more literary than other books of their class. There is not only the thing said — valuable, witty or cheerful in itself — but there is the true artistic quality of making the trivial, the insignificant thing, deeply worthy and suggestive in the connection in which it is found. Here is MacGregor at the Zoo — it may be remarked in parenthesis that he instantly found a striking resemblance in the camel to his Aunt Purdie whom he did not love:

"'Is the elephant's trunk jist the same as a man's neb (nose), paw?" inquired MacGregor.

"'Ay, jist the same.'

"'Whit wey (why) dae folk no pick up things wi' their nebs, paw?'"

Is not that the child? And this again:

"MacGregor has had his picture taken. In a moment of thoughtlessness his father has promised that the toorie (tassel) on his bonnet — Tam o' Shanter we should call it — will show red in the picture as it does in life. MacGregor, of course, has boasted of his picture and his red toorie to all the other boys. Bitter is his disappointment when shown the finished prints; he will be shamed before his fellows. His father, with a little ingenuity and a "wee tick" cut out from a red postage stamp, contrives to make all well in the boy's absence.

"'Ye didna say onything about rid toories, did ye?' inquired his father, on his return from the play, with a surreptitious wink at Lizzie (MacGregor's mother) who had the photograph under her apron.

"'Ay, I tell't them I wasna gaun to hae a rid toorie in ma likeness, because a black yin (one) wis finer.'

"'And whit did they say to that?' asked Lizzie.

"They a' said it wis finer except [illegible] Jamieson, and I hut him on the neb, an' then *he* said black wis finer nor rid.'"!!!

The exclamations are ours.

THE GREY WIG and other short stories of Mr. Zangwill's are too often spoiled by a shop-worn smartness.

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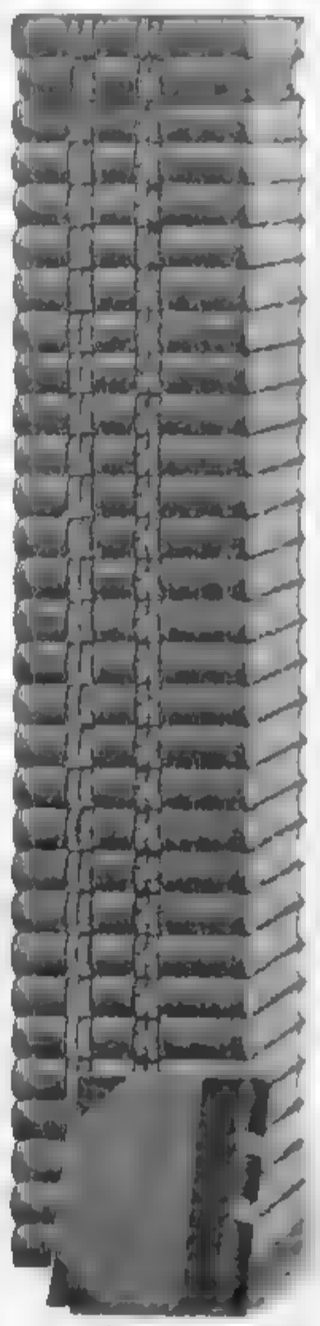
That this vicious weakness such a capable and sensitive workman as Mr. Zangwill has shown he can be should never wholly throw off is something graver than a pity. The Grey Wig falls just short of being a little masterpiece, and one begrudges the lack of self-discipline that would have wrought it into what it has every right to be — and yet somehow is not.

Other stories in [illegible] volume are of a far different quality. Mr. Zangwill says in a short preface that he has assembled some of his earliest and some of his latest work; he might have added, some of his worst and some of his best.



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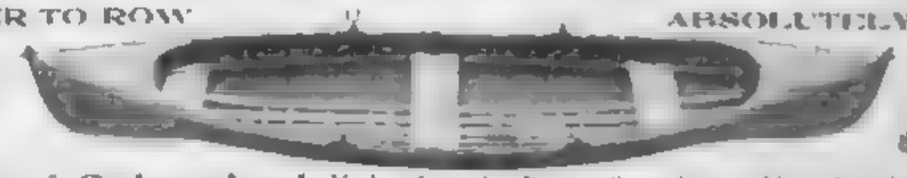

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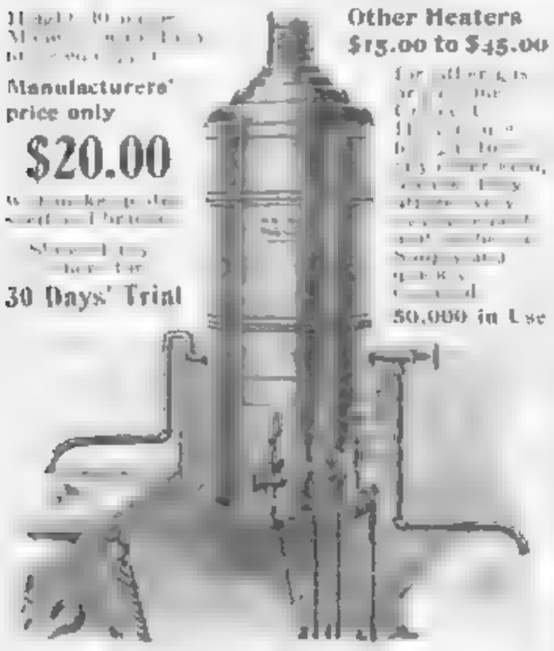

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THE OVERWORKED SILKWORM—He is now driven by greedy capitalists to do his own dyeing as well as his spinning.

ENABLING the silkworm to be its own dyer, transferring to its cocoons various colors in the leaves it feeds upon, is a scientific achievement reported from Roubaix, France.

White, yellow and occasional green are the customary shades of the cocoon. What first directed attention to the possibility of coloring the silkworm's scheme of life was the interesting phenomenon that different colored cocoons are produced by similar species of the worms. The scientists, after investigation, were convinced that the varying tints in the tissue of the chrysalis are caused by different colors in the food material. If Nature thus determines the color of the cocoon as a direct result of the shade of the silkworm's food, it seemed obvious to the investigators that the production of silk of any predetermined shade could be absolutely controlled by artificially coloring the food set before the worms.

Experiments were first made by placing worms on branches of privet (*Ligustrum vulgare*) washed with red dye. They readily fed on the colored leaves, and when the larvæ began to spin their cocoons the silk was discovered to be a pronounced shade of red. Ensuing experiments included tests with many colors. Fed on leaves colored blue the worms produced blue silk. A variation was encountered in tests with species that under natural conditions produce cocoons of yellow. When fed on leaves colored red the silk they spun was a deep orange. The original yellow is accounted for by the pigment contained in the leaves of the mulberry. Experiments are to be continued. They are being followed with interest by silk manufacturers. Government scientists at Washington are also much interested, as efforts are now under way to encourage the silkworm industry in America. To that end the Department of Agriculture is seeking to extend the propagation and cultivation of the white mulberry (*Morus alba*) and the *Morus multicaulis*, the tree upon which most of the silkworms reared in China are fed.

This mulberry was largely planted in the United States many years ago. Few, if any, of the original trees remain, but specimens which are thought to be wild seedlings of these are very plentiful in the Southern States. The trees are thoroughly acclimated and free from disease. It is therefore probable that there is now in the United States an abundant supply of material for propagating purposes, at least.

If the experiments at Roubaix in causing the silkworm to supplant the dyer prove to be practical, a new impetus may be given to the silkworm industry in the United States.

THE HYDRAULIC COP—The train robber who tackles him will find him a very efficient officer.

RECENTLY on a British steamship from Bombay to Zanzibar a fierce religious and race war broke out among several hundred Arabs and Hindus who had taken deck passage. Among the regular passengers was a detachment of British soldiers and their colonel hurried to the captain with proffers of assistance. The latter, declining military interposition, called an order down the tube to the engineer, and commanded his sailors to direct a hose on the mob. A stream of hot water and steam worked a transformation in the battle scene. Some of the combatants leaped overboard and had to be rescued. All dispersed and sought shelter from the hot assault.

Others besides this quick witted captain have long known that hot water and steam forced through a nozzle constitute an effective fusillade, hardly exceeded at short range by dynamite. An American inventor has applied this knowledge in a device for preventing train robberies. By means of pipes radiating from the boiler of the locomotive and terminating in nozzles at the entrance to the cab, along the running-boards, over the pilot, and at other points designed to protect the front platform of the first car, the engineer is enabled to repel with torrents of scalding water and steam the approach of highwaymen.

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"OPPORTUNITIES" takes occasion to point out to its readers the fake and fraudulent schemes that are advertised so extensively in questionable papers, and in this way alone may save many times its cost to the subscriber. It at all times guards the interests of its subscribers, giving them practical aid in making their lives successful and in avoiding failure. "OPPORTUNITIES" *is an honest, practical magazine.*

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The levers for operating and controlling the steam are preferably located near the floor and protected by the overhanging seat of the cab. They are guarded against being struck by accident, and yet are in such position that they may be reached readily by a movement of the foot requiring no corresponding movement of the body that would be obvious to an intruder.

FREAK FOODS—A pepper warranted to bite, a tomato like a horse-chestnut, and a cucumber that explodes.

THE Department of Agriculture is making experiments with many new vegetables which are expected to prove useful in this country, if the people can be persuaded to grow them. Its explorers are fetching them from various parts of the world, especially from Mexico, which is known to possess many food plants that would be of much value if introduced into the United States.

Among the available Mexican vegetables are various kinds of peppers, and several species of tomatoes which are unknown to us. For example, there is the "husk tomato," which is about the size of a horse-chestnut, and is contained in a sort of detachable rind that is removed when the fruit is ripe, as a preliminary to cooking it. It is not good raw, but is said to be excellent when stewed or fried. The Mexicans preserve it as a sweet pickle.

Then there is a brand-new kind of cucumber, which is quite an oddity in its way, inasmuch as it explodes with a loud report when ripe, throwing its red seeds to a distance. Its chief use is as a medicine, but the vine on which it grows is so handsome as to be desirable for gardens. More valuable is a giant okra, lately obtained from Europe, which has pods five or six times the ordinary size. Soon, doubtless, it will be commonly grown in this country, and will be obtainable in our markets. It has a delightful flavor.

Another European vegetable which Uncle Sam wants to introduce is the tuber of a plant that looks a good deal like marsh grass. It is only about as big as a hazelnut, and when eaten raw resembles cocoanut in flavor. This is called "chervil," and may be cooked in a variety of ways. The plant is a kind of sedge.

Special attention is being paid to the cultivation of new pot-herbs on the experimental farm which the Government maintains near Washington, and the seeds of the best of these, when a sufficient supply has been obtained, will be distributed to farmers and gardeners. Notable among them is a plant from India called "basella," which bears fruits that look like little blackberries. It is a vine, has pink blossoms resembling those of the arbutus, and is said to be delicious.

It is always difficult to persuade people to eat new things—a fact of which the common tomato, which a generation ago was considered poisonous in New England, affords a familiar illustration. Nevertheless, every new vegetable is an important addition to our happiness and welfare, and even a novelty in the way of a pot-herb is a contribution not to be despised by those who appreciate a well-flavored plate of soup or dish of stew.

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Despotism and Democracy

(Continued from Page 11)

The Senator had a newspaper spread out before him; but as Thorndyke approached folded it up, pushed his gold spectacles up on his forehead and called out:

"Hello! Have you read about the 'Wondrous Boy' this morning?"

"I have," replied Thorndyke, smiling pleasantly as he lifted his hat, and in response to a silent invitation he seated himself on the bench by Standiford's side.

"Great speech that," continued the Senator. "At first I was disposed to give you the credit for all of it—but there's something in that fellow Crane. You couldn't have coached him so well if he hadn't been capable of learning."

"You do me too much honor," replied Thorndyke, laughing, but with something like bitterness.

Senator Standiford continued, with a dry contortion of the lips meant for a smile:

"But you'll see, my son, that your friend Crane won't grow quite so fast as he thinks he will. In our times public men require the seasoning of experience before they amount to anything. There'll be no more Henry Clays elected to the House of Representatives before they are thirty. The world was young, then, but we have matured rapidly. It is true that we have relaxed the rule of the Senate a little and allow the new Senators to speak in the Senate Chamber at a much earlier period in their Senatorial service than formerly. But speech-making is a dangerous pastime. Much of the small success I have achieved"—here Senator Standiford's face assumed a peculiar expression of solemnity which made him look like a deacon handing around the church plate—"I lay to the fact that I never could make a speech in my life, and I found it out at an early stage in my career. I'm a Presbyterian, as you know, but in my town I'm classed as a heretic and an iconoclast, because when they want to call a new preacher and to have him preach a specimen sermon I always tell the elders, 'Why do you want to judge the fellow by the way he talks? It's the poorest test in the world to apply to a man. Find out what he can *do*.'"

"All the same, I wish from the bottom of my heart that I had had Crane's chance yesterday and had used it as well," replied Thorndyke.

"If you had you would have given our junior Senator a bad quarter of an hour," replied Senator Standiford gravely.

Now, in common with all true Senatorial bosses, Standiford had seen to it that his junior Senator was a man of straw, put in the place in order that the boss might have two votes in the Senate. Never had the junior Senator yet voted or acted in opposition to his master; but had Thorndyke been the junior it would have been another story and both men knew it. This caused Thorndyke to remark coolly:

"He would have no reason to disturb himself—the ass! You have been kind enough to give me to understand that I am ineligible for promotion—not being made of putty, as our junior Senator is."

"Now, now!" remonstrated Senator Standiford, again assuming his air of a seventeenth century Puritan. "To hear you anybody would think that our State organization didn't want every first-class man it can get! We have the highest regard for your services, and we do what we can to keep you in your present place because we see your usefulness there."

Senator Standiford punctiliously used the euphemism "we" just as he gravely consulted all the pothouse politicians in "the organization," but it did not materially affect the fact that he was the whole proposition.

Thorndyke looked full into the deep, calm eyes of the rugged old man before him, and could not forbear laughing—but there was not the glimmer of a twinkle in them. Presently the old man said coolly:

"Suppose I should tell you that I may retire at the end of my term—in two years?"

"I should wish to believe you, my dear Senator, but I am afraid I couldn't."

"What a fellow you are! But let me tell you—mind this is a confidence between gentlemen—my retirement is not impossible. You know my daughter, my little Letty——"

As Senator Standiford spoke the name his face softened, and a passion of parental love shone in his deep-set eyes.

"She is a very remarkable girl, Mr. Thorndyke—very remarkable—and she loves her old father better than he deserves. I have as good sons as any man ever had—but that daughter left me by my dead wife is worth to me everything else on God's earth. The doctors have been frightening her about me lately. They tell her I work too hard for my time of life—that I ought to take a rest, and if I will do it I can add ten years to my life. Now, you know, the State organization will never let me take a rest"—Senator Standiford said this quite seriously—"and Letty as good as told me six months ago that if I should be reëlected to the Senate"—the Senator uttered this "if" in a tone of the most modest deprecation—"*if* I should be reëlected for another term—as she wishes me to be—then she wants me to resign. I don't mind admitting that if any other human being had said this to me except my daughter Letty, I should have reckoned myself drunk or crazy to have listened to it. But my daughter, as I mentioned to you, is a remarkable girl. Besides, the child is not strong herself, and if she gets to worrying about me—well, you can see, Mr. Thorndyke, how it is with me. The world credits me with loving place and power above everything on earth, but there is something dearer to me than the office of President of the United States: it is my daughter. And the sweetness and the tenderness of that child for her old father——"

Here Senator Standiford took out a large red silk handkerchief and blew a blast like the blast of Roncesvalles.

Being an accomplished judge of men Senator Standiford while speaking had watched Thorndyke closely. Had he shown any undue elation over the prospect of Senator Standiford's possible retirement Thorndyke's fortunes would have been ruined. But by the lucky accident of having a good heart he said the most judicious thing possible.

"I don't see any indications of overwork in you, Senator. At the same time I know you do the work of ten men, and I also know the exercise of power is so dear to you that, from the poundmaster in your own town up to the candidate for President, you give everything your personal supervision. But as for Miss Standiford's not being strong—why, I took her in to dinner less than a month ago, and remarked on her freshness and beauty. She looked the picture of health and ate more dinner than I did."

"Did she?" asked the Senator anxiously. "Thank God! The doctors say if she can only eat and live outdoors and play golf and ride horseback she will be all right."

Here Senator Standiford again blew his nose violently.

"She's a little wild, having no mother, poor child," continued the Senator, "but her heart, sir, is in the right place. And the way she loves her old father is the most splendid, touching, exquisite thing ever imagined!"

Thorndyke listened attentively, deeply interested in the human side of a man who had seemed to him to have a very small amount of the purely human in him.

Senator Standiford rose then, and resting both hands on his old-fashioned gold-headed stick he looked full into Thorndyke's face, and said slowly:

"I hope we understand each other, Mr. Thorndyke. We think you a very strong man, and strong men are liable to become dangerous. The State organization wishes you to remain where you are. But in the event that I should be reëlected and should be forced to resign, I have no hesitation in saying that unless something unforeseen happens I should be glad to exert my personal influence toward getting you the party nomination for Senator."

"I understand you perfectly, Senator," replied Thorndyke with equal coolness, "and though I admit I think it a shameful state of affairs that any organization or any man should have the power to dispose of any man's political future, yet it is a fixed fact in our State and can't be helped for the present. So far as your personal kindness to me goes I have the deepest sense of it, and the chances are, on the strength of what you have just said, that I may one day be Senator."

"And when you are you won't be as much down on the State organization as you are now," remarked Senator Standiford. "You will probably be called a boss yourself."

"No, I shall not," answered Thorndyke, "I shouldn't have the heart to put men through the mill as I have seen you and Senator Bicknell and a few others do."

Senator Standiford professed to regard this as a pleasantry, and so they entered the Capitol together.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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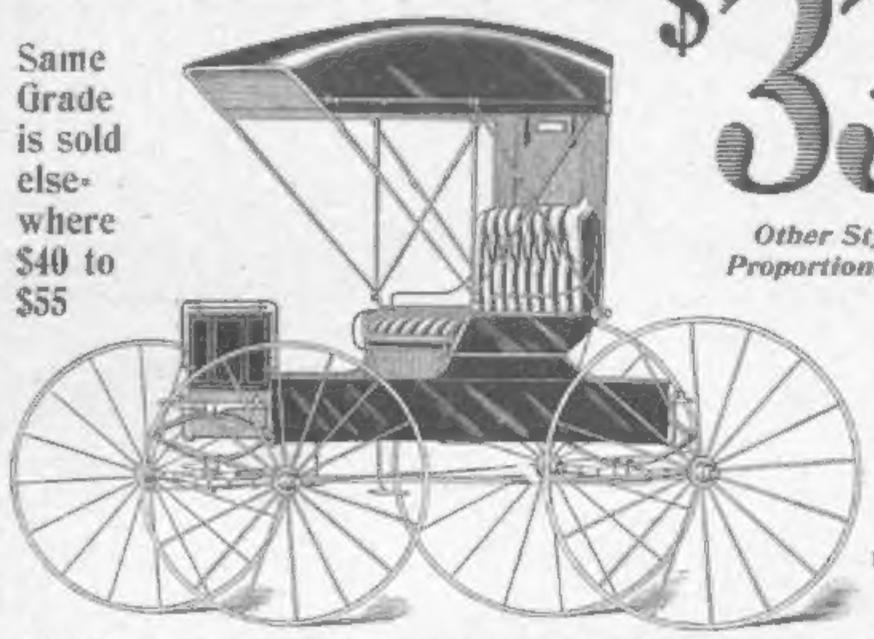

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